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THE NEW

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Contents

	Page
Comments on the Week's News	366
Prisons and Prisoners	369
Faith, Hope and Disarmament	369
London Diary. By Critic	370
This England	371
The Split Mind of Ghana. By Naomi Mitchison	371
To Hell with Subtopia. By Clough Williams-Ellis	372
Fleet Street Notebook. By Francis Williams	372
John Middleton Murry. By Raynor Heppenstall	374
The Arts and Entertainment:	
Dukes and Dustmen. By T. C. Worsley	374
The Lysistrata. By John Raymond	376
The Arts and Entertainment—*contd.*	
Scene Symphony. By Desmond Shawe-Taylor	377
Fighting Words. By Tom Driberg	378
The Other James Brothers. By William Whitebait	378
Correspondence	380
From R. J. R. Mecredy; Rt. Hon. John Strachey, M.P.; Basil Davidson; Edward Rivers; Sir Leslie Plummer, M.P.; Dr. Phyllis Dobbs; Philip French; Neville Cardus; Sir Linton Andrews; A. Joe Brayshaw; Sean O'Callaghan; Tony Gibson; James Dowd.	
Books in General:	
Jeekaycee. By John Raymond	384
The Fence. By Robin Skelton	385
Reviews:	
Suez. By Kingsley Martin	385
Woman, Slave and Free. By Margaret Lane	386
Liverpolitans Arise! By Asa Briggs	386
Krishna in Pictures. By Maurice Collis	387
Wilson the Yankee. By Walter Allen	388
The Happy Hedonist. By David Hawkes	388
The Course of Empire. By Norman MacKenzie	389
Strange Relations. By A. Alvarez	389
Shorter Reviews	390
Week-end Competition	391
City Lights. By Taurus	391
The Chess Board. By Assiac	392
Week-end Crossword. By Set-square	392

How to Avert a Catastrophe

Press reports during the first week of the shipyard strike agree that the men have struck solidly but without enthusiasm. This is true. They would naturally prefer to be at work. But this does not mean that they are at odds with the union leaders who called them out. On the contrary, they understand that they have been forced into a strike that they did not want by the refusal of their employers to negotiate about a claim which is based both on the present level of wages and on the level of profits in the industry. If the Confederation of Shipbuilding and Engineering Unions had capitulated when the employers rejected the wage claim, and if the unions had then accepted Mr. Macleod's appointment of an arbitrator, immense damage would have been done to collective bargaining—and not only in the shipbuilding industry.

A principle of great importance is at stake in this dispute, and it is for this principle that the unions are now fighting. Mr. Macleod and Mr. Macmillan have been trying to create the impression that the unions have been unreasonable in rejecting impartial arbitration. But they were not even offered arbitration of their claim: they were in fact asked to let Lord Evershed decide whether or not they were entitled to make any claim at all. Such a procedure would make nonsense of wage negotiations. Were a precedent of this kind established, every wage claim could be turned down by the employers until some arbitrator had decided whether or not the unions had made a *prima facie* case for it. We should then be well on the way to compulsory arbitration, with all the cards stacked against the unions.

The same point of principle lies behind the threatened engineering strike. It sounds all very well to cry "a plague on both your houses," to suggest that two groups of narrow-minded men are brawling without thought for the public interest, and to call on the government to find a solution which rises above the squabbles of labour and management. But such manifestations of "public spirit" are bogus. They rest upon two assumptions. First, that both parties are equally responsible for the breakdown of normal negotiations. Secondly, that the government is some kind of neutral above the battle. Both assumptions are false.

The unions can be held responsible only if it is also argued that, after the flat rejection of a wage claim, their leaders should quietly pack their briefcases and go home. This, no doubt, is what both the employers and the Tory government would like. But that would lead to the rapid collapse of trade unionism and collective bargaining. If the government refuses to plan the economy and leaves prices and profits to the free play of the market, it must also allow wages to find a balance by the same means. But that is why the second assumption is invalid. The government has kept its hands off business, while applying as much pressure as it can to stabilise wages—even though its social and financial policies have forced the unions either to make repeated wage claims or see the living standards of their members steadily forced down.

There is something to be said, in a genuinely competitive economy, for a blunt confrontation of unions and management such as occurs in the United States. Union pressure is one way that marginal firms are pushed into efficiency or out of business. But that does not happen in British industry, where wage and price policy is all too often based upon what the marginal firms can afford. We are moving towards the worst of both worlds—in which the government observes one standard for the employers and a different one for the unions. If Mr. Macleod genuinely wishes to avert a trial of strength which can do great harm to all concerned, then he must persuade his colleagues to abandon this double standard. That means that the government must persuade the employers to begin genuine negotiations. Wednesday's statement by the engineering employers that they would be ready to accept any kind of arbitration Mr. Macleod cared to suggest, may be the first ray of hope. By itself this statement is far too vague; but if it means that the employers are at last ready to get down to negotiations on the wage claim, the way may be open for a settlement of both disputes.

Comments on the Week's News

Harding's Unwelcome Visit

It looks as if Sir John Harding has won another victory. Last week-end Mr. Lennox-Boyd had decided, in addition to accepting the offer of Nato mediation on Cyprus, to take the bold steps of freeing Archbishop Makarios without conditions —save that he should not for the present return to Cyprus—and offering Grivas a safe-conduct from the island. He had also prevented Sir John Harding from brushing aside the new Eoka truce offer as offhandedly as he had done the earlier one. For a few days it seemed as if the stage was set for real progress in Cyprus. Such optimism, however, misjudged Sir John Harding. On hearing of the government's intention, Sir John came hot-foot to London. How many provisional resignations from "men on the spot" he carried in his brief-case is a matter for speculation. What is certain is that Mr. Lennox-Boyd, unable to face his own back-benchers over a clear conflict of view between his department and the Governor, modified his proposals between Tuesday, when Sir John arrived in London, and Wednesday, when he delivered his postponed statement to the Commons. The "good offices" of Nato remain, of course, unchanged—it remains to be seen whether they merely offer a further occasion for Turkish veto; but there is no mention of safe-conduct for Grivas, and the offer to release Makarios is, once again, conditional on his denouncing violence. As we go to press, these proposals are being put to Makarios in the Seychelles; and it is conceivable that, in the light of the Eoka offer and the evident softening of Mr. Lennox-Boyd's earlier intransigence, he may feel disposed to make a sufficiently forthcoming statement to secure his own freedom and to help Mr. Lennox-Boyd out of the very awkward political hole into which he has fallen. It looks more probable, however, that another opportunity will prove to have been let slip.

Hammarskjold in Cairo

Mr. Hammarskjold's visit to Cairo gives him the chance of proving his so far unshakable optimism about Gaza. While everybody else concerned with the problem recognises, from whatever point of view, that the situation is extremely grave, Mr. Hammarskjold blandly announces that he has every hope of securing a settlement satisfactory to both sides. What can he possibly mean? He may be justified in arguing that, so far, the Egyptians have done no more than they are legally entitled to do and that what they have done has been without undue provocation. But the essence of Israel's case, which is increasingly understood in the rest of the world, is that Egypt's claim to the Gaza strip, if lawful, is still unacceptable to Israel, unless Israel's equally lawful (and more reasonable) claim to be allowed to live at peace with her neighbours is also conceded. Thus it is Egyptian belligerency which is at issue; and this is unlawful, unreasonable and a total obstacle to peace. If Mr. Hammerskjold can really find a way of terminating it, or even mitigating it, he will deserve all the praise to which his present complacency suggests he thinks he is entitled. Meanwhile Nasser has announced his terms for re-opening the Canal. These are in brief: (a) Egypt to be the sole operating authority; (b) All dues to be paid in advance to the Egyptian Company; (c) Full reaffirmation of the rights of passage established in the 1888 Convention. We have always held that the first two of these conditions are reasonable and legitimate, provided the third is fulfilled. There is no doubt that, under the terms of the Convention—as indeed under those of important U.N. resolutions—ships of all nationalities, including those bound to and from Israel, can claim the right of passage. The Canal will be open for ships of up to ten thousand tons in a matter of days; and Israel may be expected to put Nasser's good faith to an early test.

Green Light for Defence Cuts

Tuesday's communiqué on the Western European Union talks about Britain's proposed cuts in the Rhine Army is studiously vague, but it would appear that Mr. Sandys has gained most of his points. Under unanimous pressure from all the European allies, and in particular from the French, we have agreed to modify our original plan to reduce the Rhine Army by 27,000 men during the financial year 1957-8. Instead, only 13,500 men will be withdrawn during this period, and the position of the remainder will be decided at further talks in October. The government still hopes to withdraw the remaining 13,500 during the year 1958-9, but our ability to do so will depend, as the communiqué states, on "the Supreme Allied Commander in Europe's views"—that is, on the speed with which German divisions can be created and French divisions brought back from North Africa. The agreement is satisfactory in some respects: it means that the expenses of maintaining the army, at least in terms of Reichmarks, will now be largely covered by German support-cost payments, and this will bring welcome relief to our foreign exchanges; and it also means that the Defence Ministry can at last draw up its White Paper, though this is now unlikely to be published before April 1. Nevertheless, the Labour Party should remind the public that the object of Mr. Sandys' concessions is to make it possible for France to continue her ruthless suppression of Algerian nationalism (France now has only one token division in Germany), and it might also point out that a first-rate opportunity to re-plan Nato's basic strategy has been missed. General Norstad's forces, with or without Britain's cuts, are grotesquely inadequate to meet a Russian land invasion of western Europe; and unless the western powers are prepared to make the immense effort to reach Nato's original target (which is now not only beyond their will but their capacity) their security will depend on Anglo-American nuclear power alone. Had Britain insisted on her original cuts, she might have forced her allies—and particularly Germany—to face these basic military realities.

The Doctors' Threat

The doctors' determination to go ahead with strike action is an additional embarrassment to the government now facing a shipbuilding, engineering, and perhaps even a railway strike. It had always been Mr. Macmillan's hope to stave off the doctors' wrath by hurrying through an announcement of an interim award. Although this would not have been very great, it could have been directed in such a way as to relieve the worst financial pressure on the most badly paid doctors and thus take the sting out of their resentment. Unfortunately for Mr. Macmillan, the shadow of the shipbuilding strike overtook him before his plans could mature, and he now hesitates to announce any concession to the doctors which might easily inflame feeling in the industrial world. He, therefore, has to stand by helplessly while the doctors' strike plans mature. The B.M.A. negotiating committee is convinced that their new plan for organising strike action will convince the government that they mean business. Strike action could not, of course, be launched in a hurry; doctors who intend to withdraw their services would have to give at least three months' notice. This means there would be an interval during which the government might hope to appease the doctors by some financial gesture. But there is no doubt that the doctors are in a fighting mood and, like the engineers, would not reconsider their threat to withdraw their labour except against a cash offer.

Next Week

Government by Paratroop

an examination of France's colonial problem in 1957

PAUL JOHNSON

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ALSO

JOHN RAYMOND

writes on his favourite book of reference,

Who's Who in the Theatre

Zik's Win

The results of the elections in Eastern Nigeria have given Dr. Azikiwe his expected majority, though the opposition has been noticeably strengthened. This now clears the way for the constitutional conference which opens in London on May 23. The election itself will influence the conference because it has been used by Zik to convince his people that the British imperialists were trying to get rid of him over his banking affair. He is thus reinforced in his demand that the whole Nigerian Federation should gain independence from Britain. Chief Awolowo has been equally outspoken in support of national independence. The joint demand makes it virtually certain that both western and eastern regions will secure internal self-government, but the opposition of the north is still likely to prevent any agreement on federal independence. While the issue of Azikiwe's honesty in dealing with public money has been one of the important matters in the election, administrative policy was also at issue. The N.C.N.C., which governs the eastern region, was able to show the electorate an imposing list of reforms, and an even more attractive future policy. It claimed, for instance, that it has more than doubled the numbers of children at school since 1953. It intends to go ahead with the introduction of a national health service and the establishment of a university. Contrast with imperial rule has become the central feature of political propaganda in West Africa; and accusations of dishonesty make but a faint impression in its shadow. The final result of this gathering momentum can be nothing less than full independence.

Loaded Votes in Rhodesia

This is an age of "fancy franchises" in Africa. Throughout the east and central territories, constitutionalists are desperately searching for electoral methods which will at the same time offer some form of representation to Africans, whilst reassuring the Europeans that their political control will not be endangered. Last year we had the Coutts Report for Kenya. It was followed by constitutional proposals for Tanganyika. Now we have the recommendations of the Tredgold

Commission for Southern Rhodesia. The latter is even more ingenious than its predecessors. There are to be two electors' rolls, a "special" and an "ordinary." Qualifications for the former will consist of a comparatively low income and literacy test; for the latter, a high income or property, and educational tests. The object is clearly to institute virtually European and African rolls. The intricacies of this plan go still further, however. Not only are the Europeans to be protected by their superior economic and educational opportunities. In each constituency, no matter what numbers register on each roll, the votes cast by the "special" voters will never be allowed to count for more than half those cast from the ordinary roll. If, for example, a constituency has an electorate of 10,000, with 2,000 on the ordinary and 8,000 on the special roll, each vote on the latter will be counted as only one-eighth of a vote; so that their total poll can only be a half that of the ordinary electors. Judgment on this tortuous scheme depends on how it is measured. It clearly gives Africans more voice in politics than they are likely to receive in the foreseeable future in South Africa. On the other hand, it takes Southern Rhodesia no nearer the objective of a recognisable democracy, which is the aim of increasing numbers of Africans. White politicians are blind to the obvious fact that schemes devised to keep the Africans out of political power inevitably result in pushing the African population into an increased nationalism. The African reaction is to aim at political mastery, usually through demanding a continuation of the communal franchise and increased representation. Whether Southern Rhodesians accept this scheme as an advance or not, there should be no thought of applying it to the whole federation.

The Indian Election

In the last lap of the election campaign in Kerala—the southern Indian state which has aroused by far the most interest in the outside world—the Communists pulled well ahead, though they have not been able to secure an absolute majority. It now seems certain that they will be asked to form a ministry; and in doing so they can count on the support of four of the independent members. This will be the first Communist ministry in an Indian state; and, though it will lack the power deriving from an absolute majority, it does leave the Communists in a strong position to manœuvre. In the Lok Sabha the Congress Party is still firmly in the majority, though shorn of some of its dead wood. As we go to press, it holds 217 seats, against 18 Communists, 13 Praja Socialists, one Jan Sangh and 42 independents. The second general election—the biggest election in the world conducted on democratic principles—has passed off successfully: that, no doubt, is one of the reasons why the British press has found it lacking in news value.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Warsaw

The Plague

A Student of the Polish Press writes: Polish newspapers have recently been carrying disturbing reports of anti-Semitic outbreaks, particularly in provincial towns. Some Jews have been murdered; many more have been assaulted, insulted and forced out of jobs. *Po Prostu* cited some revealing cases. At a local party conference in Warsaw, for example, a demand was made by some delegates that members of Jewish origin should revert to their former names to make identification easier. A fifteen-year-old Jewish girl in Cracow committed suicide because of her schoolmates' insults; and in a town called Walbrzych in Lower Silesia there have been many ugly incidents. Such things seem to be sufficiently common for it to be clear that the Jewish community in Poland—there are about 40,000 Jews left—has good grounds for anxiety, not least because there appears to be a covert alliance between Stalinists and extreme nationalists.

In a striking article called "The Plague," which appeared in *Przeglad Kulturalny* during February, Juliusz Burgin described the background of contemporary anti-Semitism. He pointed out that it had its roots in a deliberate policy developed during the worst years of Stalinism. In 1951 and 1952, Jewish Communists were purged from the party apparatus. In 1954 they were purged from the army. In 1955 they were cleared out of the civil service. And this policy, Burgin declared, was openly called "Aryanisation": the Stalinists deliberately spread the idea that a Communist of Jewish origin was a spy and a traitor—a theme supported by wild accusations in the cases of Rajk, Slansky and the Moscow doctors.

Even after things had begun to change for the better, there was a "Jewish debate" at the 7th plenum of the party central committee a year ago in which many of those responsible for the excesses of the Stalinist period used the Jews as an alibi for their crimes. And in this debate—a very strange debate for a Marxist party—three points of view were raised. Should Poland be *Judenfrei*? Should the traditional nationalist line of *numerus clausus* be enforced? Or should Poland take its stand on proletarian internationalism? Burgin argued that this debate was still echoing in the country, and that the peculiar situation in Poland today permitted nationalism and anti-Semitism to flourish, despite attempts by the Gomulka regime to check it. Too many people in positions of authority still accept the anti-Semitic assumptions and practices shared by "bourgeois" nationalists and Stalinists.

No wonder, then, that many Jews are withdrawing from any kind of public activity, and that they are talking about emigration. Burgin quotes a letter from a worker, a life-long Communist who had fought in Spain and in the Sikorski army, who writes:

> I am a Polish citizen, and Poland is my homeland—not Israel to which nothing binds me. I can't even speak Yiddish well. I lost my wife and two sons in Auschwitz. Abroad there is a capitalistic system, and what there awaits me as a Communist is prison, while here in Poland I face death from the anti-Semites . . . I am asking for advice. I still want to live and there is nowhere to go.

Burgin commented that if Jews fight back and demand an internationalist policy they are accused of arrogance: if they decide to emigrate they are accused of cowardice and capitulation. He pointed out, moreover, that all kinds of impositions are laid on those who do decide to emigrate—and if they insist they cannot find the money to pay the answer is "that every Jew is a currency swindler . . let him fork out if he wants to save his mangy, useless life . . . and the Jew pays . . . he is downtrodden, disillusioned, wronged."

Burgin recognised that there had been many articles dealing with this "gloomy problem"; but "the exodus goes on," and anti-Semitism continues to poison the outlook of the working class and the nation. "If we begin an effective fight against anti-Semitism only after the crime has been committed, not even righteous and beautiful words will remove the stain on our political conscience."

Washington

Prospect for Bermuda

Our Washington Correspondent writes: With President Eisenhower cruising to Bermuda, with Vice-President Nixon busy shaking hands in Africa, and Secretary Dulles flying back from Australia, the wags here have been asking the classic question: "Who is minding the store?" The second-line officials seem very uneasy when their titular bosses are out of town, and during this hiatus it has been particularly difficult for reporters to tap their "usually reliable sources" for information on the main international issues. Nasser might move, but the State Department was in suspense until Mr. Dulles returned this week.

Now that he is back the scurrying to and fro has been resumed—perhaps too late. During his first 36 hours back at his desk, Mr. Dulles saw seven foreign envoys, including Mrs. Meir. It seems that there is little change in American foreign policy, particularly in regard to the Middle East. Mr. Dulles assures his visitors that reliance on the United Nations remains the main U.S. contribution to "the cause of international law and order." Many foreign observers here believe that this reliance—high-minded as it may well be—is tantamount to an abdication of responsibility on the part of the U.S. Washington has all along tried to avoid any impression that it is taking sides. It is also believed here that Mr. Macmillan will find it very difficult to convince the President that the United Nations lacks the power or the appropriate forms of organisation to enforce international settlements.

What then can Bermuda achieve? I am assured here that most of the agenda was suggested by London—and that it includes the whole range of international policy, from questions of defence planning to problems of economic co-operation, from the future of Formosa to the present situation in Hungary, German reunification, nuclear energy, nationalism in Africa and Cyprus, the Baghdad Pact, and relations with Russia. All these, it seems, are to be dealt with as well as the outstanding matter of the U.N. and the Middle East crisis.

The Americans are prepared to talk about all these subjects. In fact, the policy papers prepared in the State Department have been flown daily by sea-plane to the President. If some agreement on specific issues could be reached, the Americans would of course be pleased; but according to administration sources here the fundamental purpose of the conference is to restore the spirit of partnership that was destroyed last autumn. While American officials insist that something has been done to restore effective working relations, privately they do not over-estimate the current strength of the partnership. Some, indeed, gloomily forecast that things can never be the same again. The Egyptian affair has left a hard core of bitterness in Washington, and these same officials recognise that U.S. denunciation of the Suez intervention had an even more profound effect on Britain. For these reasons, Washington is looking not so much for announced policy agreements at Bermuda or even for a polite agreement to disagree, but rather for some sign that mutual trust and confidence are again possible.

Westminster

Three Moments of Truth

It was 3.29 p.m. when the Speaker called a fifth supplementary to Question 47. The opposition groaned. In another minute, question time would be over and Mr. Zilliacus would have no chance to put the next question on the order paper—whether the Prime Minister would now agree to abandon the proposed British H-bomb tests.

But the Speaker heard the groans and with Nelsonic ignorance of the minute hand's position, he at last called Zilliacus. But it was no use. Mr. Macmillan stonewalled. The U.N. Disarmament Sub-committee was this week renewing its meetings in London. This week the Prime Minister was himself meeting the President of the United States in Bermuda. But, although alarm about the effects of radiation from the bomb tests has increased ever since the British Medical Council's report, the British tests would go on and the opportunity for a fresh approach which the two meetings provided would be neglected.

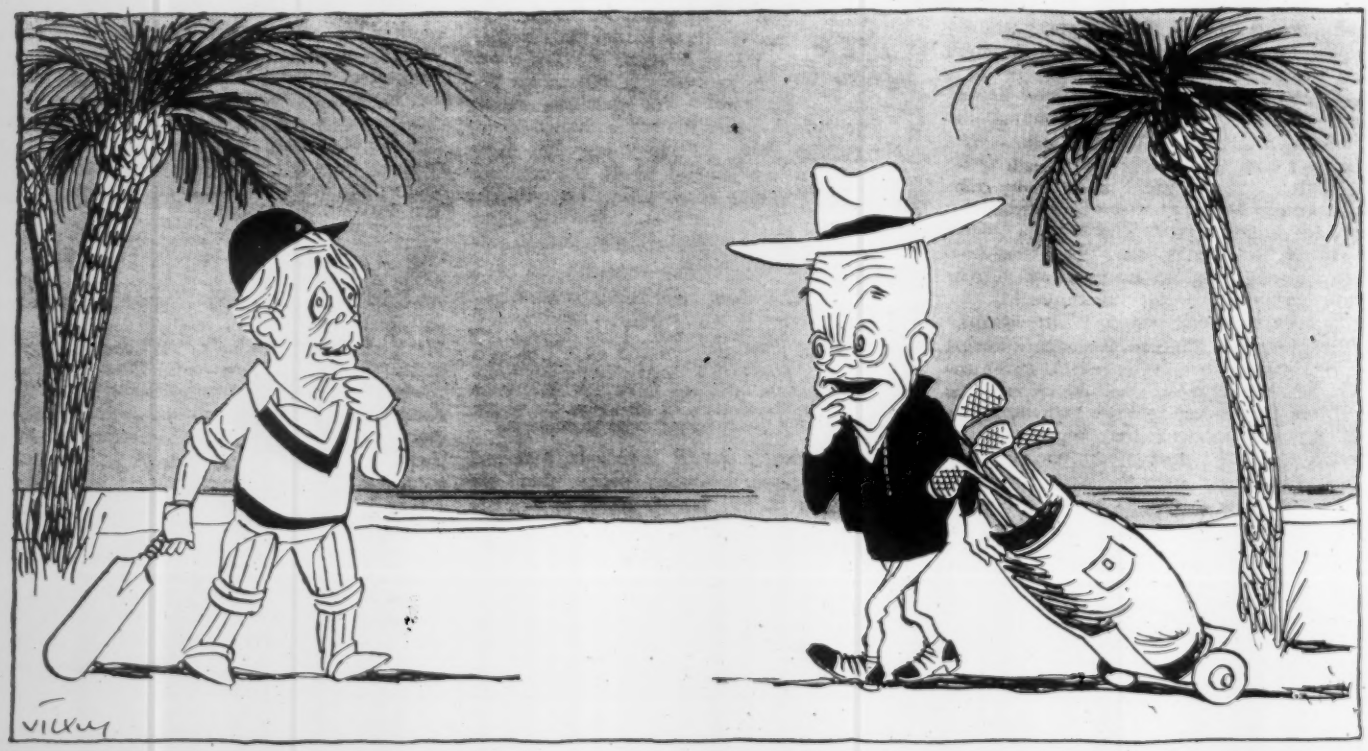
In a quick burst of anger Mr. Bevan described this attitude as "childish frivolity." Then, taking his foot off the accelerator, he appealed very quietly to the Prime Minister. If he would not take the lead in abandoning the tests, would he not at least take the lead in proposing that every country should abandon them? Were we going to let things drag on until every country, frightened by the tests of others, decided to have tests of their own? Mr. Macmillan ignored the appeal. The House as a whole was against him—and with Aneurin Bevan.

However, we moved on to the next business, a statement from the Minister of Labour about the shipbuilding and engineering strike. Mr. Iain Macleod spoke with impressive moderation. He refused to be manœuvred into being the spokesman either of the employers or of the unions. It was obvious that he was showing patience, perseverence and skill in trying to get the two sides together again. But it was equally obvious that, so far, he had been unsuccessful. Then, once again, Bevan rose. The employers accepted arbitration but refused negotiation. The unions rejected arbitration and demanded negotiation. The gap looked unbridgeable. Why not get some responsible, independent man to listen to both sides and make a recommendation which both sides could then discuss together? For a few seconds this ingenious suggestion seemed unacceptable to the House. The Conservatives thought it looked like giving the unions their case for negotiating and the Socialists thought it looked like giving the employers their case for arbitration. One could see members weighing and balancing it and then, suddenly taking hold of it. Here, at least, was a proposal which might break the deadlock, which might prevent the strike from dragging on: and when Macleod, once Bevan's ablest and bitterest opponent, rose reflectively to the box, paused there for some moments in silence and then said: "I think that is a very helpful suggestion," the House was then almost wholly with him—and with Aneurin Bevan.

We moved on to still other business—the opposition motion deploring the government's recent reductions in the social services. Dr. Edith Summerskill listed these in matter-of-fact tones. They were the increased prescription charges and the increased charges for school meals. There was the increased price for milk to schools and the decreased supply of it to day nurseries—these at the very moment when the producers were being forced into all kinds of stunts, including a milk bar in the House of Commons, to get rid of their surplus. There was the increased charge in day nurseries; and there were the increased insurance contributions, which actually placed a far heavier burden on the poor than it did on the rich. While it was thus imposing burdens on shoulders least able to bear them, said Dr. Summerskill, the government was actually paying public money in subsidy to drug manufacturers by allowing some of their products, which at best were unnecessary and at worst actively harmful, to be issued through the Health Service. This was a formidable case; but the House knew it already—as indeed it already knew most of the statistics which the new Minister of Health, Mr. Vosper, used in reply. As the debate ground on, many members quietly drifted away to business of their own.

But once again, for the third time in the day, there came a moment of truth. Mr. Jim Griffiths had wound up for the opposition with the eloquence to which the House, by now, is accustomed, and members re-settled themselves for the equally familiar display of over-elaborated cleverness from Mr. Boyd-Carpenter. It did not come. Boyd-Carpenter made the most effective defence of any government policy since Macmillan became Prime Minister and made it in tones, not of defence, but of steadily mounting attack which burst into climax right over Griffiths' head. On the Health Service, there were three possible courses. One was to restrict the service, another was to increase charges and a third was to increase contributions. The government had made its choice. What choice would the opposition make, asked Boyd-Carpenter in dulcet tones? For the first time in months the benches behind him came to life and yelled: "Answer! Answer!" until Griffiths could ignore them no longer. Unfortunately through no fault of his own, he had no exact answer to give; for the Labour Party, in the light of the experience of the past 11 years, is now reviewing all the social services and trying to work out a policy which will be both coherent and up to date. This work has to be done; but it takes time. But this House is becoming increasingly discontented with negations, and feet-dragging generalities. It demands specific and positive proposals. It was interesting to see both front benches being reminded of this on the same day.

J. P. W. MALLALIEU



Prisons and Prisoners

PENAL reform took on a promising new look last week, when the Home Secretary outlined what is an ambitious but eminently practical policy for a shockingly neglected problem. Mr. R. A. Butler expressed a serious determination, highly encouraging to those who know the complexity of the matter, to ascertain first of all, by "the best use of the tools which the sciences of statistics and sociology have put into our hands," what changes will produce the most genuine improvement. His speech also displayed, as did many other contributions to an unusually harmonious debate, the effect of the special supplement on "Prisons and Prisoners," which C. H. Rolph contributed to this journal on February 2. It was obvious that this had been read with close attention by most of the speakers, and it was generally regarded in the House as having formed the basis of the debate.

Mr. Butler promised reform in many directions —in the conditions of our prisons, in the payment of prisoners for work and in the treatment of ex-prisoners. But his research proposals were probably even more important. While there is so little money available for penal reform, the £200,000 that could so swiftly be swallowed up by a very modest building programme is better spent on discovering what kind of building to do. Research of the sort he announced must affect not only the kind of penal treatment required, but also the prospects of working out a rational "sentencing policy" for the courts. One example of what it can lead to is a system of prediction tables, a kind of "actuarial risks assessment," which could largely supersede the subjective judicial pronouncement that begins: "Prisoner at the bar, the judges of this land are determined. . . ." Human behaviour is not so unpredictable that it cannot, with the right data, be found to conform to a sort of pattern. If a court could be shown that putting an offender on probation afforded a 90 per cent chance that he would make good, while a ten-year sentence was demonstrably likely to reduce the chance to ten per cent, the court might find it difficult to ignore the recommendation. It is true that one important consideration in deciding "the sentence of the court" is the state of public excitement and anger about particularly atrocious crimes. This is a factor that cannot be computed actuarily, yet which any penal system will ignore at its peril. But we cannot expect, after centuries of vengeful justice, either to mollify popular indignation with our present hit-or-miss methods or to do so overnight with any method that science can substitute. In the long run, however, the logical method will be found to be also the humane method. The Home Office has recently been equipping its statistical branch with the means to direct these researches, notably by the appointment of an experienced statistician as senior research officer. This is the only sound beginning.

Research is also to watch the new experiments in personal relations within the prisons, and of these the system recently begun at Norwich is merely the first official example. A more empirical scheme of the kind, initiated by one unconventional governor, has been in operation at Maidstone for some years, but it is the official sponsorship of such schemes that alone can bring their efficacy under statistical test. However, as Mr. Royle pointed out in the debate—and as the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION supplement had emphasised—on the knowledge that already exists there is plenty of material for immediate action that will cost little money and calls for no research. It looks as if the country has suddenly acquired, in Mr. Butler, a Home Secretary who understands the shame of neglect, sees his opportunity of remedy, is willing to master the details and is capable of the action that is immediately needed.

Faith, Hope and Disarmament

FEW people would regard May 10, 1955, as a significant date. Yet it might have become one. On that day, the Soviet representative on the U.N. Disarmament Sub-committee tabled proposals accepting the western view that a comprehensive disarmament agreement, dealing with both nuclear and conventional weapons, could not be achieved simultaneously; and that, in order to create mutual confidence, it would be necessary to proceed by stages, dealing first with conventional forces, for which an effective control and inspection system could more easily be devised. The time-worn Soviet clichés, reiterated ever since the negotiations began in 1947, were ruthlessly scrapped. The Anglo-French proposed levels for conventional forces were adopted, and Russia, for the first time, accepted the vital principle of physical controls.

After eight years of stalemate, the way to a settlement seemed at last open. In the field of conventional arms at least, only a few minor obstacles remained. Yet western delegates refused to discuss the Soviet proposals in detail; a few general criticisms were made, and the Sub-committee's session ended inconclusively. Since then, under American pressure, the Anglo-French have retreated from their original proposals, and the West has revived the principle that a disarmament agreement must depend upon "the settlement of outstanding political problems." During the last session of the Sub-committee, in Spring, 1956, no further progress was made. A few critics in the West, who had followed the Sub-committee's complex work, feared that a great opportunity might have been missed, and some of them—notably this journal —voiced their disquiet. Now their suspicions are amply confirmed: in the latest Fabian pamphlet,* Mr. Hugh Thomas, a member of the British delegation during this period (and who has since resigned from the foreign service), makes it plain that the West's failure to take the May, 1955, proposals seriously was a culpable error—though not, fortunately, an irreparable one. His pamphlet, which analyses the negotiations and puts forward an ambitious scheme to reconcile the conflicting viewpoints, is factual and dispassionate; but it leaves a firm impression that if, until 1955, both sides share responsibility for the failure of the talks, since then the blame rests mainly on the shoulders of the West.

This pamphlet should be widely read—and for a particular reason. Among public men and otherwise well-informed journalists, there is almost total ignorance of the current state of the negotiations, of the rival sets of proposals, and of the real points in dispute. Despite the narrowness of the gap which now separates Russia and the West, the Sub-committee's new session, which began in London on Monday, passed largely unnoticed. This is tragic. For political reasons alone cannot explain the failure of the talks. Delegates have got into the habit—dating from the worst days of the Cold War—of simply tabling complete sets of proposals, heavily larded with propaganda, and presented in a take-it-or-leave-it manner. It is a long time since they have even attempted to draw up a joint text, discussed word by word, clause by clause. If the Sub-committee had been functioning as it was intended—that is, as a *committee*, and not an unruly debating-society—western delegates would have been unable to dismiss the May, 1955, proposals in the off-hand manner which has become second nature to them. Their apathy, of course, springs partly from the fact that many of them have been on the job too long and now regard the negotiations as a cynical farce. But it is principally due to the almost complete absence of active and well-informed criticism in the legislatures to which they are responsible.

Yet disarmament, despite its tedious technicalities and its Utopian overtones, is a matter of immediate and vital interest to us all. Ordinary people tend to dismiss a thermonuclear war as a horrific abstraction: but a White House "leak" in the January issue of *Fortune* discloses that, last November 6, the National Security Council, meeting in emergency session in Washington, considered the threat of a nuclear attack sufficiently imminent to order the Strategic Air Command to take up preliminary stations. True, the international temperature has lowered since, but the danger of atomic fall-out to the world's health, soon to be massively augmented by Britain's series of tests, remains. As Mr. Thomas points out, effective control of existing stocks of nuclear material is no longer feasible, but future production can be controlled; and it is a comparatively easy matter to limit, if not abolish, tests and to devise a workable inspection system of atomic artillery emplacements and inspection sites. As for conventional weapons, an agreement could be signed tomorrow: and Britain's painful efforts to obtain the consent of her allies to defence cuts made indispensable for economic reasons would become unnecessary.

Indeed, the real importance of the present negotiations can be grasped only if they are placed in their general political context. Since the Soviet intervention in Hungary, there has been an almost total disruption of diplomatic communication between east and west. The problem of European security has been placed in cold storage. In the Middle East, attention has focused exclusively on the narrow problem of the Israel-Egyptian frontier; the Eisenhower "doctrine" has dodged the wider issues, above all the relations between the great powers in the area, by imposing a meaningless military veto. Various Soviet attempts to break the diplomatic silence—the November 17 proposals for limited air inspection in central Europe, the recent note to Germany, the Shepilov note on the Middle East, and now the new proposals for European economic co-operation—have been treated by the West with bored contempt. It may be that propaganda plays a large part in these initiatives. But it may also be that Soviet policy, after the shock of Hungary, is in process of reformulation; that these diplomatic missiles are regarded by their authors as experiments, to be pursued or not in accordance with the reception they evoke in the West. Diplomacy is a creative, two-way affair, and we must never forget the obvious fact that we cannot hope to modify Soviet policy if we refuse to discuss it with them. The importance of the current Sub-committee session is that, for the first time since the Novem-

* *Disarmament—the Way Ahead.* By HUGH THOMAS. *Fabian Society.* 2*s.*

ber crisis, it provides the great powers with an opportunity for such a discussion.

But the meeting is more than a symbol, a chance to restore international confidence. The lesson of the Geneva summit talks is that to create such an atmosphere is not, in itself, of much value—and may even be dangerously misleading—unless it leads to the settlement of specific problems. However, as Mr. Thomas reminds us, the signature of a disarmament agreement, even in the narrow field of conventional forces, would automatically open the way to German reunification, to the withdrawal of Soviet troops from eastern Europe, and to the eventual amalgamation of the Nato and Warsaw Pact countries within a European security system. The Sub-committee may be an awkward and unorthodox instrument for settling these problems; but in the present *impasse* it is the only one available.

That is why parliamentary and public opinion should follow the Sub-committee's proceedings critically, and should not be content with vague and optimistic progress reports. Now, more than ever before, concrete results are required—even if their scope is narrow. In this critical scrutiny the Labour Party has a special role to play. Speaking in Berlin on Monday, Mr. Gaitskell repeated and amplified his demand for a fresh approach to German reunification, based on a neutralised zone and the withdrawal of foreign troops. The disengagement of the Labour Party from the old bipartisan foreign policy is now almost complete, but it has yet to be extended to the field of disarmament. Mr. Gaitskell's declaration provides the opportunity: it complements, in many respects, the Soviet November proposals, and it resurrects the Eden plan, which Britain reluctantly scuttled at the behest of America. If Mr. Gaitskell and the party are prepared to press it on the floor of the House of Commons and place disarmament once more in the field of public controversy, they could create the volume of popular opinion which alone can provide the impetus to break the deadlock. For it is becoming increasingly clear that the obstacles to a disarmament settlement are not political or technical or military, but psychological: the absence of faith, and the lack of will to create it.

London Diary

CAN it be that the job of being Prime Minister now involves more strain than an ordinary, able and experienced man can bear? That is the only explanation that occurs to me for Mr. Macmillan's statement that there is no vital difference between Socialism and Communism. Does he want to tell the Hungarian refugees over here that there is only a difference of degree between them and the Kadar government? Or to convince the world that Ollenhauer and Gaitskell, who may form the next governments in Germany and Britain, are only just distinguishable from Stalin or Krushchev? What wonderful propaganda for Indians deciding whether Nehru's Socialist plans for India are worth support in preference to Chou En-lai's slicker propaganda for Communism! And then I remind myself that Macmillan was a keen supporter of Eden's policy in Suez and I conclude that he ought not now to be visiting Bermuda, but Jamaica.

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I am shocked by Lennox-Boyd's admission in the Commons last week that Africans in Kenya are still being arrested at the rate of 3,000 a month under the emergency powers. With Dedan Kimathi out of the way there clearly isn't any "emergency" left in the military sense at all. In fact the Kenya Government has been patting itself on the back about the rate of release of Mau Mau detainees: 1,700 per month are leaving the camps. Why, then, arrest nearly twice as many as you release? The answer, according to Lennox-Boyd, is that two-thirds of the arrests are for unlawful travel and curfew offences. This, he suggests, is a sign of the return to "normality"; Africans, feeling more secure, are flocking back into Nairobi. But what else can they do? Africans go to Nairobi to find work they can't get in the Reserves, and the Colonial Secretary admitted that there is overcrowding in some districts and that "steps must be taken to provide employment—there and elsewhere." In the meantime men are rounded up if they look for work and are either imprisoned or fined and sent home, presumably to starve. Could anything be more likely to resurrect the Mau Mau mood?

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It really begins to look as though the Obscene Publications Act of 1857, under which the magistrates have for so long been making "destruction orders" against books they don't like, may be about to lie down and die by way of celebrating its own centenary. The Committee set up three years ago by the Society of Authors (the "Herbert Committee"), after one unsuccessful but mildly encouraging attempt to get a rational Bill through the Commons, has now produced a shortened and simplified version which, I gather, is likely to win more support and goes a long way to meet Home Office objections to the first Bill. Viscount Lambton is to move its second reading on March 29. He and the Herbert Committee must find encouragement in the fact that the new Joint Under-Secretary, Mr. J. E. S. Simon, Q.C., was named on the original Bill as a backer, to say nothing of Mr. R. A. Butler's emergence as a champion of law reform in wider spheres. My legal friends tell me that the new Bill is much the stronger for its brevity, and in particular that the only small sacrifice of principle that it makes is in dropping the requirement that a publisher must be proved to have intended to "corrupt" someone. Do publishers ever set out to do this? If they did, I don't see how you could prove it. But the main virtue of the Bill still is that it treats a book as a whole by judging it on its "dominant effect," lets in expert evidence as to literary or other merit, and precludes any "destruction orders" or customs confiscations by making the Attorney-General's consent a *sine qua non*.

* * *

Speaking to left-wing audiences at Oxford or Cambridge before the war was exciting; three or four hundred students would turn up including all shades from red Communism to Transport House pink. Hitler, Spain, war and unemployment united everyone. During the Labour government after the war one could still rely on large meetings of people intensely interested in the progress of our social democratic revolution. Then came disillusion and a period in which this audience regrouped itself into doctrinaire Communists, general "leftists" and unenthusiastic Labourites. Some of the brighter spirits were hiving off to Toryism, which seemed to offer the better prospects of political advancement. The other day in Oxford I realised that the pendulum had swung back again. The dogmatic Communists are only a boring sect, the livelier Marxists are again discussing and arguing with the non-Marxists and Socialists. I noticed with particular interest the prominence of a second generation of Stracheys, Durbins, Marquands and other familiar Labour names. David Marquand, I see, is one of the contributors to an unusually interesting university effort. The first issue of *Universities and Left Review* is something of an event. It is a quarterly paper which costs 3s. 6d.; it can be obtained from its business manager at Magdalen College, Oxford. It begins with a long article by Isaac Deutscher on Russia in Transition, Claude Bourdet discusses France, and the other writers include G. D. H. Cole, Joan Robinson, and E. J. Hobsbawn, whose presence is a good example of the way in which trained Marxists have begun to think afresh. The British left wing has long needed a non-sectarian review with room for articles up to 10,000 words, and I am glad to hear that initial publicity for the new quarterly, profiting by the Suez controversy, has revealed a voracious appetite for discussion and a surge of radicalism amongst university people.

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Why should not the projected giant atomic oil tankers take the form of submarines? As an engineer friend said: "What's so strange about that? A whale carries a lot of oil doesn't it?" But this would dwarf Moby Dick. It would carry 80,000 tons of oil and gross over 100,000 tons. Its speed would exceed 50 miles an hour. That will mean that its generating capacity will have to be of the order of 100,000 kilowatts—about the same as Calder Hall, but fitting into less bulk. If it is a natural uranium reactor, the experts reckon that they can drastically reduce the running-costs, which in the U.S. atomic submarine *Nautilus* are so high as to be definitely uncommercial. The argument for a submarine as against a surface vessel is that it simplifies design-for-speed. Here would be a ship bigger than the *Queen Elizabeth*. The wind and wave resistance would be a serious drag, whereas under the surface it could be streamlined to reduce water-friction and could, it is claimed, attain speeds well in excess of the giant liners. Since there is no fuel problem its range would be unlimited. The cost? Over £10m., but engineers mention figures like that nowadays without even a blink of an eyelid. Indeed, for atomic calculations, the Americans now have a new unit of currency—"the Megabuck" (1,000,000 dollars) which is about a third of the "Megaquid" the sterling unit. Ten Megaquids don't sound very much.

* * *

The Hungarian Writers' Association, banned in Hungary, has found a rebirth over here, and last week about 30 of its members from England and other western countries held a conference under the auspices of the P.E.N. They plan, of course, to do all they can for their colleagues whether stranded abroad or silenced behind the Iron Curtain, and they are ambitious enough to sponsor publication of a fortnightly paper in Hungarian with occasional issues in the English language. These writers represent most ideological positions from Conservative to anti-Stalin Marxist; they have a common taste for freedom and, I should say, have a good chance of survival, free from the bitter rivalries of ideological cliques that have ruined other organisations of political exiles. They could not have a better chairman than Paul Ignotus.

* * *

One of the most encouraging things to come out of South Africa recently is the new quarterly *Africa South*, which has an admirable balance of politics, social studies, stories and poems. (It can be obtained, at four issues for 16s., from Miss Ainslie, 25 Cambridge Gardens, W.10.) I was fascinated to read, in the second number, these two extracts from an official report of 1949 on Bantu education.

> No evidence of a decisive nature was adduced to show that as a group the Bantu could not benefit

from education or that their intelligence and aptitudes were of so special and peculiar a nature as to demand on these grounds a special type of education.

But, having made this anti-racialist admission, the report drew the opposite, Nazi, conclusion. English and Afrikaans, it said, must be

> . . . taught in such a way that the Bantu child will be able to find his way in European communities, to follow oral or written instructions; and to carry on a simple conversation with Europeans about his work and other subjects of common interest . . . handwork in the first four years of school should aim at the establishment of the habit of doing manual work.

In short, the Bantu is capable of learning; therefore, he must all the more be kept as a helot. A new publication of this kind shows that liberalism has not been completely silenced in South Africa.

* * *

One afternoon recently a German girl arrived by Swissair at London Airport: 18 years old, feckless, and a student. She was met by a British family with whom she was going to stay as a P.G. while she attended language classes in London. She was not going to accept employment, even as a part-time domestic help, so the question of a labour permit did not arise. She did, however, have the intention—not very precise—of staying some months in Britain. Perhaps six. And she hadn't got the visa which is necessary for a stay of more than three. When asked by the immigration authorities how long she was going to stay, the child, ignorant of regulations and innocent of bureaucratic folly, answered that she hoped to stay six months. Impossible, she was told. For that you need a visa. You will not be allowed to enter Britain. Representations were made. Couldn't people enter as tourists without visas for less than three months? They could. If, once in, they decided to stay for longer, could they not then apply for a permit to extend their stay? They could. Then what was the difficulty? Alas, she had honestly proclaimed her intention of staying beyond the limit; and, under the regulations, the courteous immigration officers could not apparently help. So, after some hours at the airport, she was deported by the night plane to Basle. Next morning she repaired to the British Consulate, whence a telephone call to Dusseldorf secured her a visa within three hours. She entered Britain lawfully the same afternoon. I know she didn't obey the regulations; and I know people ought to find out their obligations before they arrive. But she wasn't trying to do anything which anybody in Britain had any reasonable cause to stop her from doing. Her journey back to Basle was a pure bureaucratic formality, but an expensive and distressing one. Surely the Home Office needn't treat silly schoolgirls as if they were international crooks?

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Ted Hill of the Boilermakers has been getting the full treatment from the Beaverbrook press. Apparently its idea in following him round and reporting just what he has been eating at dinner and drinking at pubs was to give piquancy to his TV pledge that "we'll share what we have among us even if we have to finish up with soup kitchens."

The *Express* specialises in this private detective style of reporting. George Isaacs tells an apposite story about his experience when he was Minister of Labour. When he went to San Francisco in 1948 for an I.L.O. Conference the paper put a transatlantic call through to his hotel to find out what he had for dinner. I suppose the *Express* would call this all the news fit to print. But if we must have gossip slanted as serious news, why must the treatment be reserved for Labour leaders? I'm sure we should all be interested to know what the employers were drinking around "zero hour," though the difference is that they would not need to leave the privacy of their own homes or hotels to buy it. And what did Sir William Grant have for dinner on the fateful Sunday—port wine and over-ripe pheasant?

CRITIC

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

Britain, I understand, is to explode four H-bombs over the Pacific during the coming series of tests. They will not be fired during Lent.—*Evening News*. (Rev. R. G. Kirkby.)

A pastrycook said he allowed a prostitute to use a basement room at his premises because it was unpleasant for his customers if she used the doorway.—*Stratford Express*. (A. Gadsby.)

It [Dartmoor] is a very happy prison.—"Men Inside." B.B.C. Home Service.—(Gadfan Morris.)

An appeal to people to queue up outside a church before service so they would attract other people to see what was going on, was made by the Bishop of Chelmsford at a meeting of the Church Missionary Society in Stratford.—*Star*. (Anita Finesilver.)

A boy of 15 was said at Eastleigh juvenile court to be obsessed with a desire to go to Russia. The boy, from Netley, near Southampton, was remanded for two weeks for medical and psychological reports.—*Star*. (P. Watts.)

The Split Mind of Ghana

WE are driving west from Accra towards Togoland. There have been minor disturbances in Togoland. It is extraordinary how many people can get killed in a minor disturbance. I cannot think the Togoland political leaders have been exactly sensible, but one sees why the Ewe-speaking people there want to unite with their fellow Ewes in French Togoland. It would make this unification more likely if, meanwhile, they were not completely integrated with the central government of Ghana at Accra, but were to be a separate region running their own affairs—possibly letting the northern, non-Ewe part of Togoland, which out-voted the rest on the issue of joining Ghana, split off and rejoin on its own. At one of his recent press conferences Dr. Nkrumah was asked about Togoland. He turned his delightful warm smile on us and answered: "What I have I hold." I only ask myself whether the French-speaking press representatives from the other Togoland quite appreciated this robust and naughty Churchillianism.

We are leaving the busy, brilliant-coloured streets of Accra, the gay cottons on men and women, the smiles, the voices, the faint beat of a drum somewhere at the back of the tumbledown houses. How can I ever bear the grey streets of London again, where everybody looks as if they were in mourning? At the opening of the first parliament of Ghana I was wearing a tartan scarf, the nearest a poor news-girl could get to national costume. I was glad to see someone else wearing the kilt. But what is that compared with the glory of Ghana—the silk and gold and fantastic shapes where the Paramount Chiefs and their courts blazed like beds of tulips round Parliament Square? I was sitting almost next to a court lady in a helmet of black and gold spikes, heavy gold on neck and arms, and a robe of blue and grey brocade with Ghana's eagles all over it. What assurance, what a contrast with our sad dressing-up at a Highland gathering!

And now the road is crossing the lagoon where, before the last general election, Nkrumah poured his libation. Here, it is said, the presiding fetish-priest wished evil on all who voted against the C.P.P. I begin to understand why most of the churches objected so strongly to the libation rite when the Duchess arrived; though, when I first read about it, I thought this was mere narrow-mindedness. But things which are ancient and hallowed traditions are not necessarily good. The Roman Catholic Church does not appear to have objected but they are interested in long-term power, not for the first time in history. I keep thinking of Saint Columba who was so nearly Paramount Chief in Ireland, but turned another way. He dealt with my own difficult ancestors, civilising rather than disapproving, turning the cauldron of the gods into a Grail, changing the White Goddess into a miracle-working saint. Could one deal that way with libation rites?

The President of the Tongu District Council, whose chiefly name is Togbi Hlitabo II, in a poetic address of welcome to the Government Agent, called on "the Almighty God and the gods of the Fatherland." Were they completely separate in his mind, one belonging with his natty European suit and the others with his robe and crown and necklaces and the grand manner that goes with them? My feeling is that, like many West Africans, he lives in a state of permanent, balanced schizophrenia. Does he believe that the rain-maker, now frantically and fairly successfully, stopping the cloud from breaking on us, is a real force in the same way as the central government? Perhaps.

At Kumasi, in the Sunday service of thanksgiving for independence, the eloquent young preacher in the Methodist church denounced heathen rites. Some of his congregation were in their stiff western suits, but most were in national dress, the magnificent multi-coloured *kente* cloth slung arrogantly over one shoulder. One of the opposition, R. R. Amponsah, was taking the collection. He is the general secretary of the N.L.M., and an impressive young man. I should judge that, as a good Methodist, he believes in personal immortality but is more sympathetic with the Old Testament than the New. As a good Ashanti he fears neither man nor ghost. One hopes desperately that a civil war situation will not develop.

Nkrumah has behaved in the past in a somewhat schizophrenic way. Other political leaders have done that, but surely it is easier in Africa where one slips so quickly from one *persona* into another? Some of his followers have done worse. But, now that the eyes of the world are on Ghana, is not Nkrumah bound to steady himself and deal honourably with his political opponents, who have, in general, the same views as his on public services, education and trade, and broke from him—sometimes at considerable sacrifice to themselves and turning their backs on jobs for the boys—only on questions where compromise should be possible? A fair deal for Ashanti land and a reasonable measure of self-government—what the moderates among us would like for Scotland—and with that, to let them work out their own prosperity in terms of their own social system, is that too high a price for peace? There are plenty of ill-wishers waiting for Ghana to fail but, for the sake of all Africa, Ghana must succeed.

NAOMI MITCHISON

To Hell with Subtopia

CRUSADES and causes need battle-cries and slogans as surely as bombs need detonators; and the *Architectural Review* did shrewdly to concoct the term "Subtopia" as the emotive warhead for its guided missiles against civic complacency and the slovenly mediocrity of the current English scene. A new necessary and unpleasing word for a new and unpleasing phenomenon, so aptly filling an obvious void that its survival in the O.E.D. should be assured along with Spiv, Smog and the like.

Some 30 years ago I myself plunged into the opening of this selfsame battle, personifying the enemy in such books as *England and the Octopus*, *Britain and the Beast* and with ironic *Cautionary Guides*, rude little pamphlets, and with perpetual Jeremaids on platforms and in the press. I saw myself as a gadfly promoting popular irritation, if not as a John the Baptist preparing the way for the first effective champion of "amenity" and founder of the Council for the Preservation of Rural England—Patrick Abercrombie, happily still its revered doyen and generalissimo. Other paladins sprang to arms, G. M. Trevelyan, John Squire, Gerald Barry, John Betjeman, Osbert Lancaster, E. M. Forster, Thomas Sharp, H. J. Massingham, Maynard Keynes, Hugh Casson, Lionel Brett and many another, all, I think, proclaiming their several views of the same nightmare problems in the NEW STATESMAN at one time or another.

But what, collectively, have we all achieved? Precious little it would seem from the truly horrifying picture now presented by *Counter-attack Against Subtopia*.* This is, as it were, the "prescription" that has, most effectively, followed hotfoot on the prancing heels of *Outrage*, which was the "diagnosis" of our insidious and disfiguring civic malaise. Certainly it is propaganda in a big way, provocative, challenging and with no punches pulled—and if there is a superior cocksureness about some assertions, it is probably just the corrective that current inferior hen-haziness about the problems at issue stand in need of.

But let the blurb speak for the book itself:

> ". . .Subtopia is inevitable. Modern civilisation, mass production and means for sprawl must inevitably lead to complete disappearance of individual landscape. It's the will of the people, it can't be stopped. . . ." Nonsense! Switzerland has beaten everything but suburban sprawl without having an overall plan. Some of our rural counties just give up the ghost: others make inadequate powers go a long way. It depends entirely on the guts of the individual and his ability to see through official-sounding bunkum. Subtopia is nothing like the will of the people; it is a mindless juggernaut, a mixture of ministerial inertia, the megalomania of public bodies, the petty squabbles of local authorities and the sheep-like acceptance by all of out-of-date theories constructed to apply to nineteenth-century industrialism and now codified into a set of inflexible bye-laws. This book is a counter-attack on the juggernaut, and presents a plan of action which, by allying a sure eye to common sense, could get us out of the mess we are in.

Well, there you are. We are all in this hideous hodge-podge together, as to which there can be no doubt, through the futility and/or fatalism of more or less everyone; our one and only chance of escape into sanity and seemliness being, we are assured, through the reforms here so confidently commended to us—about which, alas, there must be doubts, human nature, and above all British human nature, being what it is.

Still, *Counter-attack* may well prove effective where all previous offensives have dismally failed, whether led by Ruskin, Wordsworth, Morris or their successors, becapse, not content with pillorying outrage and denouncing dunderhead delinquents, it marshals an imposing array of relevant statistics and case-book examples, behind a clear-cut programme for reform. This is so uncompromisingly radical and so trenchantly presented that it must surely provoke our betrayed citizenry as well as the Establishment into some painful re-thinking, if only in self-defence.

The task-force of patriot-partisans, here led to the attack by Ian Nairn, belabour all and sundry with impartial gusto—sometimes with less than justice as surely in the case of the Forestry Commission, where in their sweeping condemnations, they are in head-on collision with, notably, Miss Sylvia Crowe, who in her recent authoritative book *To-morrow's Landscape* looked to that body as the one possible healer of our visual scars and self-inflicted wounds—through helping willing nature to hide what is most shameful.

True, having disbanded the Commission and halted its planting programme, *Counter-attack* would still allow:

> Surplus foresters reorganised as teams of specialists advisers at the disposal of planning officers for carrying through details of planting schemes: at the same time a national camouflage corps and a cadre of down-to-earth landscape architects.

Bias or no, the case against the Commission (*not* against trees) is certainly argued with a breezy abandon and on well-marshalled evidence that might well convince—if it were true. Some is demonstrably not true, some highly dubious—as is surely the submission that "the gross loss through investment in afforestation instead of livestock production is more than £2,000,000,000 over even a minimum yield of 60 years." For one thing, how is "loss" defined let alone assessed in such a connexion? None the less, one of the main charges against the Commission's expansionist policy may well be a valid one, namely that it was conceived before the prospect of nuclear power had made future coal-getting and consequently pit props (probably) of diminished importance and before the threat of nuclear bombardment had made the siege conditions of the last two wars seem unlikely to recur.

Hard things are said, too, about the New Towns, which, though relatively civilised and certainly the best things we as yet have to show in the way of large-scale controlled development, certainly fall short of what was fondly hoped for them. As first chairman of the first of them, I foresaw them as exemplars of urbanity, where, all social needs being duly met with grace as well as efficiency, everything from the layout to the lamp-posts would be so designed as to set a new standard of purposeful sensibility to the country as a whole, which was clearly committed to home-building on such a scale as must anyway change the face of Britain.

The partial failure of the New Towns and the total (visual) failure of much other housing development, the book lays largely at the door of obsolete building by-laws and ministerial and local government directives and attitudes that no longer correspond with humane realities—if they ever did so—a general indictment that is tellingly documented and subtly argued. But—and this is reiterated again and again—nothing will be changed, no improvement can be looked for, unless and until the general citizenry, the voters, revolt against the chaos that is engulfing them. That has always been the nub of the thing—to arouse the too-patient and biddable public to a sense of real catastrophe and of their own responsibility—and power. May *Counter-attack* enlighten and embolden them, if not directly then indirectly through the generous publicity it has been given by the press, alert, as ever, for challenging headlines, which *Counter-attack* certainly supplies in plenty. The élan and verve of the book suggests indeed that its devoted authors are sustained by hope—a hope that should be most fervently everyone's. Might there even be some correlation between the recent rush to emigrate and a dumb disenchantment with our cluttered-up ramshackledom?

Whether or no, is any political party going to interest itself in these matters—effectively? Meanwhile:

> We fling out a brand new bypass
> When the first is a chock-full street
> And the glorious day isn't far away
> When London and Liverpool meet
> And nothing remains of England
> Where the country used to be
> But a road run straight
> Through a building estate
> And a single specimen tree.

CLOUGH WILLIAMS-ELLIS

Fleet Street Notebook

BY and large Fleet Street may be said to have done its best to avoid bringing fresh rancour into the strike situation. On the whole the case for the shipyard workers has been fairly stated in most of the national papers—the industrial correspondents tend in general to be both fair-minded and reliable, and most of them value their contacts on the trade union side too much to allow themselves to be bullied by their offices into injecting bias into their reports. Most leading articles have on the whole been pretty balanced also, distributing blame for the breakdown where they felt it called for, fairly evenly between employers and unions.

Only *The Times*, which seems to be getting steadily less and less sympathetic to Labour, whether industrial or political, as time passes, really let itself go. Its leading article on the morning after arbitration had been refused was a fine example of what may be termed "establishment invective." The trade union leaders were accused in round terms of "power without responsibility," "disregard for the national interest," and having "put themselves out of court in the eyes of all except the minority for which individual strikes, with all their economic consequences, are a desirable end in themselves." "The union leaders," *The Times* concluded, "have so little understanding of the weight on their shoulders that they choose to resort to the primitive weapon of force and so raise new doubts abroad about Britain's ability to restore her economic position."

The *Express*, the *Mail* and the *Telegraph*, on the other hand, were all much more restrained—accepting the fact that the workers had a genuine case of grievance while deploring the breakdown and distributing the blame for what has been almost unanimously christened "The Showdown Strike" almost equally among both sides. The *Guardian*, having previously urged the unions to accept arbitration, wasted no time on recrimination when arbitration was refused but came forward with the constructive suggestion that the T.U.C. should now intervene under the powers specifically given to it by member unions.

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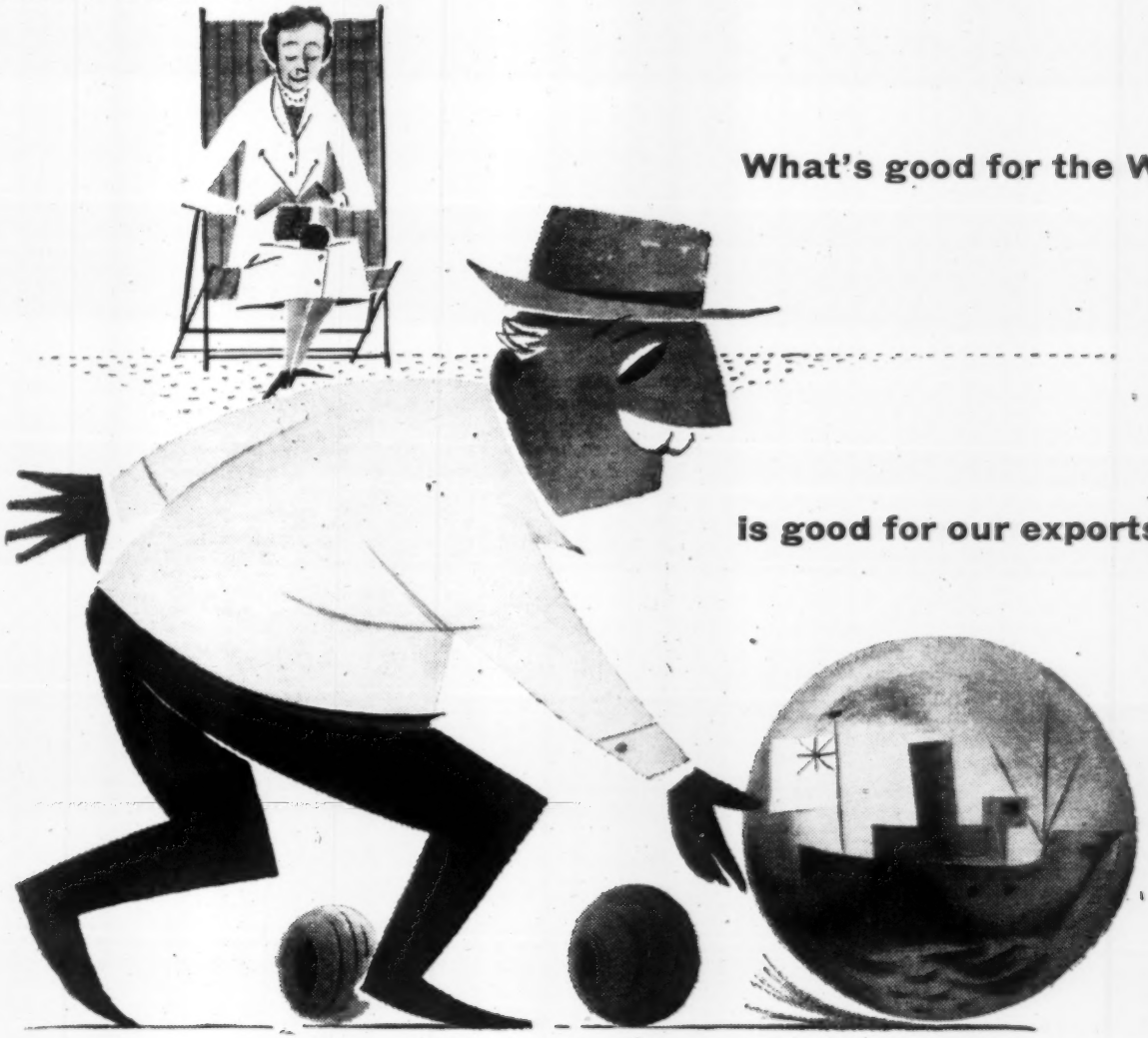

One day the Wilsons will have given up the tennis court for the bowling green and the deck chair. This will be about the time that Mr. Wilson retires and, thanks to Life Assurance, they can look forward to a retirement free of financial worry.

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Even the Sunday papers have, on the whole, been both fair and restrained, anxious not to make things worse in what the *Sunday Pictorial* called "The Belly Strike." Bernard Harris, in the *Sunday Express*, however, did do his best to darken the issue by alleging that the stoppage was not primarily industrial but "A Plot To Bring Down Macmillan." Whether in view of Lord Beaverbrook's current campaign against the Prime Minister this was meant as praise or blame was not quite clear. Naturally, Mr. Ted Hill, the boilermakers' leader, is too colourful a figure not to light a glow in the eyes of news and picture editors—especially picture editors. He has been displayed in large size and fascinating detail eating a sandwich in a pub, downing a glass of beer in three shots, a picture a gulp, and (in the *Sunday Express*) "waiting for opening time." Mr. Hill, an uninhibited character who is used to having photographers following him around, possibly feels that this kind of reportage of his activities does not matter either way. Some of his colleagues may take a different view.

The engineering strike decision also found most of the press sympathetic though anxious. Even *The Times* on this occasion conceded that "It Might Be Worse" and that of most "of the union leaders it can, at least, be said, that, however wrongheaded, they are acting sincerely in the best interests of their members as they see them."

Mr. Macmillan's appeal in his speech at Leicester was naturally given considerable prominence by all newspapers. The main body of the speech, however, had a somewhat curious reception when one considers that it was his first major appearance on a public platform since he became Prime Minister. The *Express* for instance confined its report entirely to one 69-word paragraph boldly displayed on its front page under the headline: "Self Inflicted Wounds: Macmillan Takes the Cummings Line on the Tragedy of the Nation"—a reference to a cartoon by Cummings it had published the day before. Not a single word of the main body of Macmillan's speech could I find in any part of the paper—surely an odd way even for Lord Beaverbrook to treat the first major public speech of a Conservative premier.

The Times in its own way was equally odd. A significant passage in Mr. Macmillan's speech, very revealing, one would have thought, of his attitude and state of mind, was taken up with a bitter attack on Socialism in terms which, reported the *News Chronicle*, were "reminiscent of Mr. Winston Churchill's 1945 Gestapo speech." According to the *Daily Telegraph*, which like the *News Chronicle* and the *Mail* featured this section of the speech prominently, he declared that "Socialism was practically Communism," described it as "mercy killing" while "Communism knocks you on the head," and declared that the only difference between the two is that "Socialism is soft. Communism is hard," a revealing expression of opinion from a Prime Minister who had earlier in the same speech been appealing for moderation to trade unionists, most of whom are supporters of the Labour Party. And of some public interest one would have thought. But in a long and almost verbatim report of the speech *The Times* carefully omitted any report of this passage. Possibly it thought it an unwise and extreme expression of opinion in the circumstances. But even so, ought *The Times* to edit prime ministers' speeches in this way? Do not its readers have a right to expect that, when they read a report in so august a journal, it will tell them exactly what was said, not what someone at *The Times* thinks it politic they should know?

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

John Middleton Murry

INTENSELY purposive lives seem rare. A driven man usually turns out to be either greedy or frightened. It never seemed to me that the late John Middleton Murry was avid of money or power. He rarely appeared to be pursued by spectres or escaping from circumstances he found intolerable. There *was* this something feverish. It may be dated from the death of Katherine Mansfield in 1923, and it was intensified after the death of D. H. Lawrence in 1930 and of Murry's second wife the following year. I first met Murry three years after that. I was closely involved with him for three or four years. Although I got, at times, the full heat turned on, I never understood *why* Murry was not lazy and indifferent like the rest of us.

In 1934, he was at the height of his unpopularity. With *Son of Woman*, he had outraged the Laurentians by insisting that D. H. Lawrence was a man of abnormally low sexual vitality and possessed by a deep-seated hatred. The following year, he had announced his conversion to a variety of pantheistic Marxism which pleased nobody. In 1933, his *William Blake* had caused G. K. Chesterton to describe him on the wireless as "the voice of one crying in the wilderness: 'There is no God, and Marx is His prophet.'" At the end of that year, he arranged with Cape's to commission from me a short book about himself. This was a great piece of good fortune for a provincial youth without influential connections of any kind. The book inevitably became an aggressive defence of Murry.

The evolution I witnessed at close quarters was that from mystical Socialism to pacifism. In 1935, Murry was driving around looking at premises for the Adelphi Centre, which was to be something between a community and a Socialist university. I was staying with him at Larling in Norfolk. His restlessness scarred me literally. He and I were cutting up logs together on a loud and erratic circular saw, and he fed me with the next branch while I was clearing bark away from the side of the blade. I returned to London with my arm in a sling. Yet, during those weeks, I had been most aware of Murry in guises in which his detractors would hardly have recognised him; as a practical man out of doors with a real feeling for wood and iron and crops and animals; as a wine-drinker with a good cellar; as a classical scholar who regularly went through his Greek and Latin authors; as a correspondent of Valéry, and friend of T. S. Eliot, as a charming and witty conversationalist.

There were domestic complications, and, at the Adelphi Centre the following year, they sometimes blew up to ludicrous proportions. I first appeared at the Centre (Langham, near Colchester) on the day the Spanish Civil War broke out in 1936. At the beginning of September, Murry announced his further conversion to pacifism. The Marxists left. Quarrelsome and exhausted, I left four months later.

Thereafter, I saw Murry infrequently. I was aware of his proposing to take Anglican Orders; of his pacifist activities and farming during the war; of occasional books I found less and less interesting; of illness and operations designed to keep a thrombosis clot away from the heart and which left Murry unable to walk about much; of his giving up the pacifist position *vis-à-vis* post-war Russia. Then all the tension slackened. Murry settled further south on the Suffolk border with his fourth wife, Mary Gamble. I remember tea on the lawn, watching a wonderful herd of Red Poll cattle go by in the lane for milking. Four years ago there appeared a long book on Swift which received almost unanimous praise. Last summer, Murry drove over to where I was staying in Suffolk on the day Frieda Lawrence's death was announced. I saw him in London in November. He was gay and talkative and seemed, I thought, a thoroughly happy man.

His last book came out the day before he died. My feelings about the NEW STATESMAN (one of whose components, the *Athenaeum*, had been edited for two years by him) were coloured for several years by Murry's dislike of what he called its "intellectualism." The *Sunday Times*, on the day before publication, carried a review of the new book by one of the most intellectualist of former NEW STATESMAN AND NATION contributors. This ended:

> Mr. Murry's well-reasoned and passionate contribution to the problem of what we should believe . . . makes us enjoy and revere his two inspired protagonists [Lawrence and Schweitzer] while accepting him as in his own right not unworthy of them.

Mr. Connolly's review was read aloud to Murry before his death. In the book, Murry's position is a deeply reconciled one, though it blinks nothing.

RAYNER HEPPENSTALL

The Arts and Entertainment

Dukes and Dustmen

WE highbrows often talk as if the popular play had no right to exist. This is silly. You and I may prefer plays about incestuous longshoremen, homosexual drunks or tramps with weak bladders; but debutantes, in England, also exist. There are dukes as well as dustmen. Indeed, to confound the prognostications of the economic historians, the former have survived the latter, for while there is officially no longer such a thing as a dustman, dukes, there is no denying, are still with us. And it is the duke-liking classes which mainly patronise the theatre in England. There may come a time when the dustmen flock to the theatre to see their problems fought out on the stage. But that time still seems a long way off, and at the moment the theatre industry exists by leave of popular plays just as the book trade exists by leave of popular books (and the highbrows are the residuary beneficiaries in each case). And both exist, like it or not, by virtue of the middle-classes who alone have acquired as a class the habit of regular reading and theatre-going. Naturally the popular play, like the popular book, reflects their interests.

Personally I revel in the popular play, provided only that it is good of its kind. What saddens me is how easily the public accepts the indifferent. I dearly love a good thriller, but there is not one really good one in London at the moment, and yet some of those that are running have been running for years. The theatre is an unfamiliar, perhaps rather unnerving place for those who have not been brought up to frequent it. In the present conditions, it is the thrillers, the light comedies, the straight dramas which will lure in the potential new audience in the first place and some of them—not very many perhaps, but some—will be enough fired by the experience to go on to wanting stronger meat. What the theatre needs now just as badly as new Osbornes and Becketts—I sometimes think—is a new set of good middle-range

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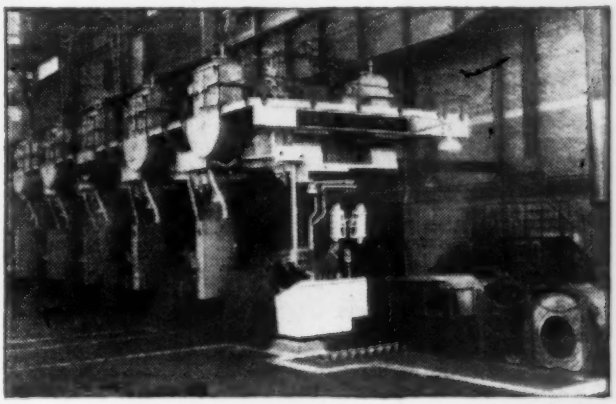

From the Steel Division at Port Talbot, coils of strip are sent to the Tinplate Division to be coated with tin and to Orb Works (the Newport Division) to be converted into special sheet mainly for the electrical industry. The photograph shows the cold reduction mill at Velindre Works which reduces the sheet still further in gauge before it becomes tinplate. Already The Steel Company of Wales makes two-thirds of Britain's tinplate and this proportion is increasing rapidly.

THE STEEL COMPANY OF WALES LIMITED

writers to give it better "actor's plays," wittier light comedies, stronger straight dramas.

Light comedy has been perhaps the form with the healthiest tradition in the English popular theatre in the last few decades, and we have a particularly talented set of actors and actresses to interpret it. No doubt it is time that the tradition moved down the social scale to embrace the activities of sections of society less elevated than the nobility. On the other hand we might say that if dukes ceased to exist, it would be necessary to invent them, so long as Mr. Ronald Squire was alive and kicking. When we talk of the four or five actors of the highest class we have in England at the moment, we don't always count among them, as we should, Mr. Ronald Squire. Even the most jaundiced of radical duke-haters—if he happened also to be a lover of the art of acting—would have to grind his teeth and pay his money for a seat at the Cambridge now to see *The Iron Duchess* in order to enjoy the pleasure of watching the supreme comedian practising his art.

His author, Mr. William Douglas Home, has not given him enough to do for my taste, but everything he does is consummate. It is another brilliant technician of comedy, Miss Athene Seyler, who carries the main burden of this "extravaganza." I don't think Mr. Home quite succeeds in bringing off his plot, which tries to parallel the treatment of a recalcitrant cook by the duchess with the treatment of a recalcitrant colony by the government. If the two had completely clicked, we might have been attending at a first-class comedy. But it is an ingenious idea, and comes close enough to success to keep the fun bubbling along throughout the evening with a nice selection of contrasting ruling types whom the author treats with an affectionate irony. *The Iron Duchess*, unlike so many West End plays nowadays, is superlatively well cast and admirably acted (Producer, Jack Minster). Light comedy acting is the only mode at present for which our actors have a common tradition, so that a thoroughly well-cast piece like this one has what most productions so sadly lack—a unity of style.

What on earth sort of unity can you expect, for instance, when you take an American comedy and play it with half English and half American actors? (This is a problem which managers will have to give serious attention to.) But it would take a little more than unity of style, I'm afraid, to bring *Olive Ogilvie*, at the Aldwych, up to the standard of the good middle-range play I have been asking for. Its subject is the dumb blonde, sex-symbol film star, set on becoming a serious actress; but the American author hadn't decided whether to treat her as a figure of farce or of pathetic comedy, and fell squarely between the two. Yet some unity of style would have helped. If everyone had measured up to the standard of subtlety and restraint which Miss Yolande Donlan achieved we might have been persuaded that it was better.

Comedy, too, at the Arts. Highbrow comedy, but unfortunately for the gifted author, Mr. Mervyn Peake, an unfashionable kind which means that he would have to have been twice as successful as someone working within the fashion. *The Wit to Woo* is a gallop through the Peacock country with baroque fantastications about funerals, waits and bailiffs. There are excellent lines, good verbal jokes and several amusing creations; but though Mr. Colin Gordon and Mr. Kenneth Williams, in particular, worked marvels, the comedy failed for the simplest of reasons—it has a thoroughly badly developed plot. It is, I think, quite simply this—the failure to invent good dramatic plots, well worked out into theatrical situations—which accounts for the low level of the plays, low, middle and highbrow alike, at present coming into the theatre.

There is, by the way, another point to be made about the popular theatre. If it is to win more adherents, it must really start taking more trouble to welcome them in. I am constantly being told about the snappishness and rudeness of the people in the box offices (the Palace and the Duchess are said to be honourable exceptions). Front of house management is too often snooty and uncivil. I was amazed, at the Aldwych the other night, when the programme girl met me with a disarming smile and a pleasant "Good evening!" This is practically the first time in twenty years of regular theatre-going that I have encountered this politeness, when it ought to be usual. On the other hand at this same theatre I sat in a seat, eleven rows back at the extreme side, for which the ordinary theatre-goer would be charged 17s. 6d. As a guest of the management (Stephen Mitchell) I am not, of course, complaining. Managements ordinarily have the tact to invite the critics to use seats with a good view of the stage, but it is instructive sometimes to be less well-treated. This particular seat is up against the door which gives access to the auditorium. Thus with a succession of late-comers pausing and peering between me and the stage, the first quarter of an hour of the play, and the first five minutes of Acts 2 and 3, were virtually blanked out. Had I been an ordinary paying member of the public, I should have felt 17s. 6d. an outrageous price for so interrupted a view.

Theatre prices are too high. I know all the arguments proving that they are, comparatively speaking, too low. But the fact remains that the middle classes are still the mainstay of the audience, and they cannot afford to go, at current prices, as often as they want to. And when theatre managers raise the price of programmes to one shilling as is done at the Cambridge for *The Iron Duchess*, they are in danger of breaking the camel's back with a last unnecessary straw.

T. C. WORSLEY

The Lysistrata

To read Aristophanes—even in translation—is to enter a wild and enchanted Greek landscape in which almost all the accustomed landmarks and compass bearings have disappeared. The frogs croak, the birds raise the paean, the clouds sail majestically over the heads of the sophists, the wasps buzz litigiously through the demes on their way to the Court-house. The masked actors strut to and fro wagging their huge artificial phalluses; malodorous personalities stream from their lips, changing suddenly into snatches of lyric beauty. Nothing is quite what it seems, no one means quite what he says; even the heavily weighted *double-entendres*, the play on words, often have a triple or quadruple meaning. Myth and history, contemporary politics and the late night reporting of the agora are hopelessly entangled. Charcoal-burners and sausage-sellers bawl Euripides—or lubricious parodies of him—at the generals and politicos. The air is full of spice and garlic, the citizens (the city's intimate revue is barred to strangers) jostle one another on the benches, murmuring when the poet, in the Parabasis, praises their discrimination or lashes their impertinence in refusing him first prize last year, guffawing as he scores a direct hit and some notable catamite, glutton or infantryman who has thrown away his shield and shown a yellow streak, bites the dust.

What, in these extraordinary comedies, was the old bald pate up to? Innumerable conjectures have been made. To Canning, Hookham Frere and their friends, Aristophanes must have seemed the original anti-Jacobin; the complaining triremes in *The Knights* were Athens's Hearts of Oak and the knights themselves were the assembled squirearchy, the Roast Beef of Old Attica. Socrates was a blend of Joseph Priestley and William Godwin, Nicias and Demosthenes stood in for Sir Richard Strachan and the Earl of Chatham, while Cleon, despite his championship of the war, was the eternal demogogue, the hydra-head of the united Opposition: Fox, Sheridan, Whitbread, Tom Paine and Sir Samuel Romilly. All this was no more than the clever young men's neo-Tory line. Dr. Gilbert Murray, in his study of Aristophanes (1933) produced a full-scale, far more complicated figure. He demolished the earlier easy judgment, pointing out in his preface that, "after all there were no Tories in ancient Athens nor yet Whigs, nor even journalists. And if Aristophanes disliked the ascendancy of the mob as heartily as the *Morning Post*, he hated militarism and cruelty as much as the *Manchester Guardian*."

Instead, his book posits a kind of Asquithian Aristophanes, a gentlemanly old-world Athenian who quotes easily from some two dozen Greek poets, abhors Ibsen (Euripides), yet is fascinated by him, and to whom Cleon is a mixture of L. G. and Horatio Bottomley. No one has made out the case for Cleon better than Dr. Murray:

> . . . The Demos had to be fed, and he could feed them . . . by whatever means. "*Comme un homme soit flétri*" he might have said with Danton, "*que la Cité soit sauvée.*" . . . That is why he urges the people not to grumble at living in sentry-boxes and huts and tubs; that is why he establishes his reign of terror over all the rich, and especially over the rich of the Allied Cities, who have not the full civic rights. As to his use of blackmailers and informers he would say, how could he do without them? . . . In the *Frogs* two poor women . . . have been robbed and believe that they see the man who robbed them. Their first thought is to appeal to Cleon. He will see them righted. In New York such a woman would appeal to Tammany. Friends of the injured poor are not always persons of high character, especially in times of war or revolution.

In this context *The Acharnians*, *The Knights*, *The Peace* and *The Lysistrata* all take their place as a series of Lansdowne Letters addressed not to *The Times* but to the Athenian people—the only example in history of a pacifist campaign of genius conducted by public consent and acclamation in the midst of a life-and-death struggle with an implacable enemy. We have only to imagine Shaw staging such a succession of comedies at the Haymarket in 1916 to realise what scant moral advances we have made in this field since 420 B.C.

Of *The Lysistrata* (411 B.C.), which he sub-titles "the last effort for peace," Dr. Murray writes that the modern productions lack one great quality that makes the play tolerable, namely, "the background of traditional ritual; a ritual to which fertility was the main object of desire, and the phallus the main symbol of fertility. Without that background the play becomes consciously obscene without simply taking indecency in its stride." Mr. Minos Volanakis, who has produced the new Dudley Fitts version at the Oxford Playhouse, has brilliantly avoided these pitfalls. In his hands the play, while taking on a witty, stylish new look, maintains the indecency and—what is really staggering—transcends it in the manner of the original. This is largely due to Mr. Fitts's translation, which, by comparison with Bickley Rogers, reads dully on the page but develops splendidly in the acting. "I have a theory that Baudelaire and Dr. Bowdler were second cousins," remarked my friend, a classical don, acidly, when the idea of visiting the Playhouse was mooted last Thursday. "It is," he added, "significant that *Les Fleurs du Mal* and the Family Shakespeare both appeared in 1857." Such sarcasms are wasted on the present production. For once the Lord Chamberlain has excelled himself in the direction of leniency, cutting only twelve lines of the play which, as a result, stands up in all its joyous libido. Miss Constance Cummings makes a splendid Lysistrata—poised, cucumber-cool, "a convincing leader of desperate enterprises." (As Dr. Murray says, "her dignity is never compromised, the regular mark of respect which Aristophanes pays to his best heroes.") Altogether, this was a wonderfully bounding production, getting off to a brilliant start and never—except for some rather boring horseplay between the elders in the first half—letting up, with a magnificently Aristophanic Gamos at the finish. Miss Muriel Spottiswoode made a superbly Doric Joan Hunter-Dunn out of Lampito, Miss Delena Kidd was an appropriately Mayfairish Kalonike and as Ismenia the lady from Thebes ("Boiotia: county type!") Miss Zulema Dene recalled the long, long Sundays after Trinity in the depths of Northamptonshire.

JOHN RAYMOND

Serene Symphony

COMPOSERS are now seldom so prolific as they used to be; when they are, the fact does not always work out to their advantage. A vast list of works, such as that of Milhaud which sprawls over five pages of the new Grove, arouses mixed feelings, not wholly charitable. "What a fellow! How he does churn it out! Well, he can't care much about quality, can he?" And it is true that a huge output is certain to vary widely in merit. Time, we comfortably say, will sift the dross from the gold; but when time has not yet had a chance to do its work, a choice must be made by busy conductors and ill-informed committees; and their natural tendency is to follow suit. When the name of Hindemith comes up, they will say: "What about the *Mathis der Maler* Symphony? It always goes down well." If something rather less familiar is called for, they are as likely to choose the *Philharmonic Concerto* of 1932 as the *Symphonia Serena* of 1946; in fact, more likely. Both works have recently been heard in London; but the *Philharmonic Concerto* has had, I fancy, several English concert performances, while the "serene" symphony" has never been given here in public until last week. All the more credit to the Royal Philharmonic Society, and to Rudolf Kempe who conducted a splendid performance, for introducing us to this joyous and strangely neglected symphony.

Both the symphony and the "concerto," like so many of Hindemith's works, are occasional pieces; and both, like everything he does, are completely professional. His mastery of the whole art of music is never in doubt; he never fails to speak with his own voice. But one work is dusty, the other radiant. The *Philharmonic Concerto* was designed to put a great orchestra (the Berlin Philharmonic) through its paces; it does so, and orchestral players like it, but the listener's spirit wilts. He feels as though he were in a well-conducted riding-school, when he longs to be outside in the spring sunshine. Through the *Symphonia Serena*, on the other hand, the soft air sweetly blows. It too was written for a specific orchestra, the Dallas Symphony of Texas; and whether it is that the composer has a happier vision of Texas than of Prussia, or merely that the commission caught him at a moment of abundant inventiveness and inner contentment, the result is wholly delightful. Surely this happy symphony would be better known, if it were not buried beneath so vast a pile of compositions, good, bad and indifferent?

Its opening, with muted strings floating high above a horn theme in that gently swinging 12/8 metre that often implies good humour, establishes at once the characteristic texture and pastoral mood of the whole work. The second movement, a scherzo for wind only, is a comical paraphrase on a military quickstep by Beethoven; the quaint theme is grunted out at intervals by the brass, and frisked around by the woodwind with a brilliance and clarity which would arouse general admiration if the piece bore the signature of Stravinsky. The third movement, a "Colloquy" for strings, makes wonderfully ingenious play with the baroque devices of antiphony and echo. One group plays *arco*, the other *pizzicato*; at the end their very different music is combined with perfect naturalness. The movement is also punctuated by cadenzas for solo violin and solo viola, echoed in each case by a second soloist placed offstage left and right respectively; delightful harmonic consequences arise from the fact that the echoes are not invariably exact. A no less inventive finale ends what Mr. Harold Rutland's excellent programme-note rightly called "this ingenious and heartening work." Its freshness of content and pearly lucidity of texture had the effect of eclipsing an earlier novelty on the same programme, a perfectly agreeable but unmemorable *Ricercare and Toccata* by the Italian composer, Adone Zecchi. For better or for worse, both works had a notably low *Angst*-content.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

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Rustle your paper and hear, beyond the noise of headlines, a tree falling in a forest of pine. The Bowater axe bites as clean on Scandinavian hills as it does in Canada and Tennessee. A paper bridge has been thrown across the world. A strong span links this country with North America where Bowater planning and Bowater plant now match their British counterpart in size, output and development. From these twin sources, whose capacity grows with every month that passes, paper and paper products flow to world markets in increasing volume. Demand is still setting a cracking pace. Bowaters are in vigorous pursuit, on both sides of the Atlantic.

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Fighting Words

Two devotees of the Third Programme were overheard discussing it last week-end. "The Third's doing part of the *Oedipus Rex* to-night," said one. "In Greek?" asked the other. "Alas, no—only in English."

Whether this true fragment of dialogue be typical or not, the BBC must have been agreeably surprised by the brisk spontaneous response to a single advertisement in the personal column of *The Times*, inserted without official cognisance or prompting by a South London schoolmaster, Mr. Peter Needs, who had heard dreadful rumours of the impending doom of the Third Programme and was determined to do what little he could (like the brave Dutch boy) to dam the flood of barbarism. Early this week, only 10 days after his advertisement had appeared, Mr. Needs had received over 1,500 messages of support from Third listeners. It is a bewildering experience for a private person to "start something" bigger than he can handle: if *N.S. & N.* readers wish to add to Mr. Needs' embarrassment, his address is 19, Danecroft Road, SE24.

Will this gallant gesture have any practical effect? Even if Mr. Needs' correspondents were ten times as numerous as they are, they would still be only a small minority of listeners; and, after all, the number of regular Third listeners must already have been known to the BBC's audience-research experts, and taken into account in the massive reappraisal of the future structure of sound-radio which many people believe to have been in progress for some time. None the less, the BBC is more sensitive to public opinion than most monopolies find it necessary to be (a virtue whose corresponding defect is the timidity sometimes noted in the past); and Third listeners are, of their nature, so much less passive and more articulate than many others that their influence cannot be evaluated in quantitative terms alone.

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A. & C. BLACK

If sound-radio programmes are to be streamlined, without unfairness to listeners who are not also viewers, two alternatives seem possible. Either the Home Service can be merged with the Light Programme, and the Third Programme left as it is; or the Third can be merged with the Home, and the Light left as it is. The former course would obviously be more acceptable to Mr. Needs' Irregulars. Nor need it involve, for the Home Service, a drastic decline in standards: the Home already broadcasts a fair amount of "light" material, while the Light would sometimes sound like the Third to anyone used to television alone. The Light is now in any case, it is coolly calculated (by an executive with a taste for uncomfortable metaphor), "ripe for some levelling-up," since it has "shed" to TV and to Radio-Luxembourg its 10-15 per cent "wing" of absolutely ineducable morons. A Home-Light merger ("dovetailing" is the metaphor preferred) is, therefore, not impossible, though there will be some programming difficulties—for instance, preserving the schools programmes and continuing to provide alternatives to them.

This upheaval, if it occurs, will of course have been made necessary by the immense increase in the BBC's expenditure on television—on long-term research and on buildings and equipment as well as on programmes. The BBC's TV chief, Mr. Gerald Beadle, published this week a spirited retort to ITV propagandists (and BBC defeatists) who sometimes talk as if viewers had stopped looking at BBC programmes altogether. As he was entitled to stress, commercial programmes are "viewed about 62 per cent of the time in one-fifth of the homes", whereas the BBC service "enters not one-fifth but one-half of the homes of Britain." As for the admittedly faster growth of the ITV audience, "this is due to the fact that the commercial audience, being much smaller, has more room to grow than the larger BBC audience. Little children grow faster than big ones." I am not altogether convinced by this argument; but Mr. Beadle's facts are incontestable—for instance, the fact that each week's twenty largest TV audiences (ranging from about seven to about ten million) are all the BBC's. The top commercial programme, with a mere five million or so, comes in way down the list, fortieth or lower. Some of the BBC's more Third-minded admirers would be happier about this triumphant lead, even if it tends to diminish steadily, if the content of most of these "top twenty" programmes were worth shouting about; but it is not much comfort to be told that *Animal, Vegetable, Mineral?* had 6¼ million viewers in a recent week if one is also told that, in the same week, *The Fred Emney Show* had 7¼ million and *Dixon of Dock Green* 8¼ million.

Frankenstein's monster had kittens last Friday night in a room at Television House, where the critics had assembled to see an edition of Granada's *Under Fire* programme, transmitted from Manchester and not otherwise visible in London, since this series is no longer networked. This edition dealt with the South Uist crofters' protest against the government's intention of planting a rocket-range on them. The crofters, with Sir Compton Mackenzie and other eminent Scots, had been taken to the Manchester studio: the two MPs whom they ferociously quizzed, Sir David Robertson and Mr. Geoffrey de Freitas, were in another part of Television House. Sir David's bland confidence in the scientific experts responsible for the South Uist project seemed, in the circumstances, both unduly optimistic and ironical—for, owing to some technical defect, we could both see and hear the two MPs but could only see the crofters soundlessly mouthing their protests. "This isn't a rocket, it's a clanger!" murmured one sceptical cad. No doubt those to blame for this humiliating demonstration of the fallibility of Science received a suitable penance (a hundred lines of Bronowski?). But *Under Fire* remains a stimulating programme, and I am glad to learn that London viewers may soon be able to see (and hear) it again.

TOM DRIBERG

The Other James Brothers

BETWEEN Henry and William James, in the dictionaries of biography, comes Jesse Woodson James (1847-1882), American outlaw. He belongs to that doubtful order of champions who begin with guerrilla warfare and a grudge and end as bandits; robbed banks and held up trains; murdered quite a number of people before being murdered himself; his brother, Frank, stood trial and was remarkably lucky to be acquitted; his mother had her hand blown off by besieging Pinkerton men; most of his life was spent under aliases in hiding; he had dyed hair and bow legs. It's as well to know what stuff a popular hero is made of.

In *The James Brothers* (Rialto) the whole family reappears purged of its squalors: Jesse (Robert Wagner) is upright in stature and almost in intentions, Frank (Jeffrey Hunter) breaks away and is willing to face the music, Ma (Agnes Moorehead) with hand restored can be proud of her terrible boys. They make a handsome, hunted pair in this new version of legend directed by Nicholas Ray, which sets out to take the eye and engage the sympathy. Soon the horses' movements against blue-green forest ways, the lurking as pursuers meet and part, the plunge over a cliff establish an aristocracy of daring. A fine body of men, the gang, when they set off—each for some perfectly good reason—to rob a bank! They wear almost a uniform for it; the sinister strangers enter the town, make their demand; it's unlucky the cashier should be killed; but then they themselves have to ride to and fro between barricaded street ends (reminiscently of *Seven Samurai*), and a number of them won't ride again. The film doesn't tackle the train murders, but confines itself to a bank robbery outside the legitimate area of "grudge": this is where fineness grows debased, and the cause of the brothers' separation. So far as the action and the running battle go, this is a striking film that more than holds its own as a Western with a difference; in fact, it's good enough in this respect to make us impatient with a home life at some moments too patterned and at others frankly feeble.

Another kind of hero, rather too familiar, capers through John Ford's *The Wings of Eagles* (Empire): he (John Wayne, of course) is a rogue flier out to get planes for the Navy. There's a schoolboy boisterousness about the first half of the film, and with the hero's accident and the threat of paraplegia we enter an inferior *Reach for the Sky*. But there's something likeable about Ford even through the thick of blare and bounce, the occasional Ford touch—a girl at a low white fence looking up at the empty sky, and the battle scenes in the Pacific culled from old newsreels and thrillingly cut.

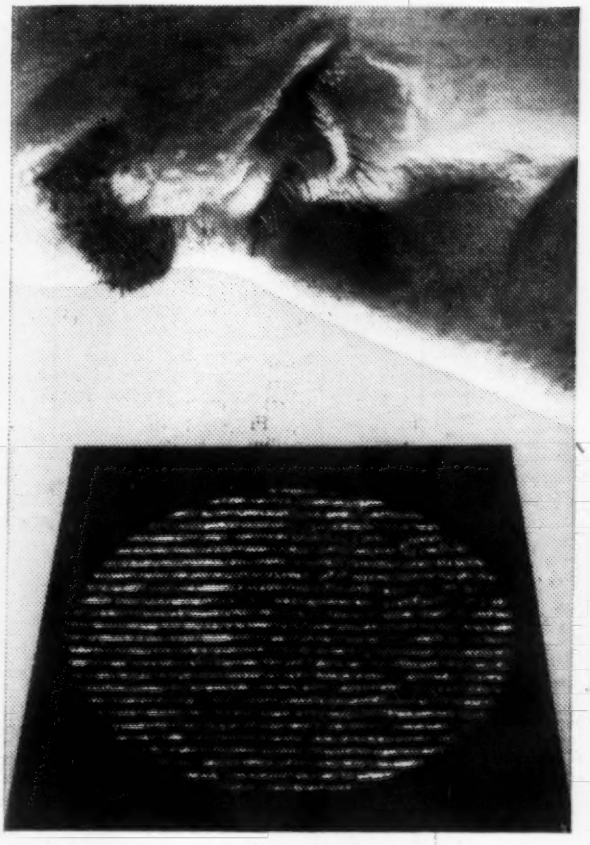
Mr. Jack Hawkins is the hero of *Fortune was a Woman* (Odeon), only a trifle disguised as an insurance-claim man. This Launder and Gilliat thriller has fresh local colour (Lloyd's and precincts), a fair story, considerable tension, and sags only in the show-down, which I—not always perspicacious in such matters—foresaw from an hour away. However, I found it enjoyable, with some lively incidentals.

Sous les Toits de Paris at the Everyman not only brings back a classic that can never be enjoyed too often but adds to it: certain cuts, of the most innocent bedroom scenes, have been restored. And as usual at this cinema there are accompanying pleasures, *Madeline*, Lotte Reiniger's *Gallant Little Tailor* (for the first time), and a number of Fred Uhlmann's electric New York paintings as we pass in and out.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Bryan Wynter, at the Redfern Gallery

Bryan Wynter's latest paintings show him experimenting with the techniques of action painting and *tachisme*. In the process he has come up with a personal style of his own, and has found himself as a first-rate decorative artist. Mr. Wynter covers his



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Is there a psychiatrist in the house?

TODAY it needs something of a conscious effort to retain one's mental balance. So many influences bombard the mind — the hoardings, the films, TV and radio, the newspapers. And perhaps the daily newspaper is the most pervasive, most habit-forming, influence of all. Hence the need for a sane, a healthy, newspaper such as the Manchester Guardian.

But please do not approach the Manchester Guardian with any feeling of primness. You will find the Guardian a most lively companion—always shrewd, often irreverent. It is nice in its speech; carries its learning lightly; judges people and events calmly and in context.

In brief, the Guardian is a mature newspaper whose international reputation has never obscured its essential humanity. You are likely to like it.

large, upright canvases with a few bold forms, spontaneously applied, and then overlays them with intricate patterns. This process is repeated several times in a single painting so that the final effect is rich and elaborate, although Mr. Wynter generally manages to retain a quality of freshness and immediacy. The paintings are completely abstract, but have suggestive titles such as *Deep Current*, *Carnival* and *Araby* which are chosen to match the different rhythms and colour schemes. There is no composition in the traditional sense of the word (one feels that many of the paintings could be extended upwards or outwards almost indefinitely), but Mr. Wynter has a fine sense of design, and the long vertical shapes that he favours are almost always satisfactorily integrated into a total effect. Occasionally, as in *Coral City* where the final overlay of grey patterning is not worked into the rest of the painting, the technique becomes obtrusive and the paint quality raw and displeasing; but for the most part Mr. Wynter achieves exactly the right degree of finish. The colours are bright and the paintings are attractive and accessible. Mr. Wynter is a serious and gifted painter and will undoubtedly enjoy a deserved success with this exhibition; then he must guard against becoming the interior decorator's delight.

J. G.

Correspondence

TORPEDOED!

SIR,—As one of the few remaining survivors of the *Lusitania*, I have a few comments to make on Mr. MacKenzie's recent review.

The possibility of being torpedoed was discussed amongst some of the younger passengers. It was tacitly agreed that, in view of the number of women and children on board, it would be impossible to get away by any of the lifeboats. When the ship was hit, many of the men therefore gathered on the poop deck below the boat deck and prepared, in various ways, for the end.

There was no boat drill or, apparently, boat stations for many of the crew. I was on the boat deck when the torpedo struck on the starboard side. There followed a "fall out" of water and small pieces of wood. It was during the time which followed this, probably about five to seven minutes, that I remained more or less dazed on the boat deck. In this short period I saw the attempted launching of two lifeboats on the port side. Even then, this was quite impossible owing to the list of the ship to starboard. These boats struck the side of the ship and all the occupants were emptied into the sea and slowly drifted away past the stern. It was one of the most horrifying sights that I remember.

It was about this time that I saw a steward with two camera cases on his back taking photographs as he made his way forward. His enterprise was not rewarded. I saw his body in the morgue in Queenstown the next day. I suddenly realised that I was completely alone on the after part of the boat deck. All my fellow passengers, who had been sunning themselves after their lunch, had disappeared. It was then that I heard the order shouted along the deck that all women and children should go to the boat deck. It was impossible to get down to the poop deck owing to the crazy rush of men, women and some children up the companion way. I therefore went down the railings of the stairs on the outside, hand over hand.

There were forty lifeboats swung out ready for launching but so far as I remember none were successfully lowered on the port side. Of the twenty on the starboard side, I think only eight got clear of the ship with a full complement of crew and passengers. I remember counting them after reaching the boat which I finally clambered into. I expect that many on board were as dazed as I was at the suddenness of the attack. On reaching the poop deck I queued for a lifebelt at a hatch but they ran out before I could get one. These were apparently from a stock kept for the crew. It was at this point that I decided that a lifebelt would be essential for what I expected would be a long and rather cold swim. (The Head of Kinsale was clearly visible.) I then tore down the companion way to my cabin, which was, I think, on the lowest cabin deck. There I found water coming through my porthole, so I snatched a lifebelt and rushed back on deck. As I arrived the ship gave a sudden lurch which sent many people sliding down the deck towards the starboard side. It was this which made me decide to get overboard somehow. However, on looking over the stern, the height from the water was frightening, as by this time the stern had risen so high that the screws and rudder were now visible. So I again queued for what I thought was a rope hanging over the stern. It was, however, the logline which consisted of a wire cable after the first couple of feet. It certainly served to slow one's descent, though at the expense of the removal of some skin from my hands and feet. As I surfaced the next man coming down put me under again so I hastened to swim away. I had intended to swim to a partially empty boat (which had been capsized) about a quarter of a mile away, but one of the last boats to be successfully launched came by and I swam to it. With the thought that I might be an uninvited guest I went to the stern and hauled myself up and over. I don't think anyone noticed my arrival until I was seated. More people were being helped out of the water and our boat finally contained 68 people. A panic was caused by someone's statement that the plug in the boat's bottom was out. This proved to be a false alarm. The stern of the *Lusitania* was now towering formidably above us and I thought of the probable wash as she sank, which would probably capsize our boat.

Yet the actual sinking was a relatively quiet affair as the stern gradually slid under the water. I believe the bow must have already been touching the bottom, which probably prevented any marked undertow. It was just after this that I heard some cheering some distance away and, turning, saw what I thought was an upturned boat with people walking upon it. It was only days later that I surmised that this might have been the U-boat surfacing. I note that the commander of the submarine makes no mention of this in his log. At this time no other steamer was in sight, and it was not until about two hours later that several points of smoke could be seen on the horizon. There were none visible, at this time, coming from the Irish coast.

During all this time our boat was being pulled with two oars on the port side and four on the starboard. I mildly suggested that such an arrangement was rather asymmetrical but without result. There was, apparently, no officer or other rank in command of the boat. After two hours in the lifeboat a fishing smack from Kinsale picked us up; some of our complement refused to transfer on the grounds that the larger boat might be torpedoed. The fishing smack headed for Kinsale but after another two hours, approximately, was headed off by a steamer which insisted on the transfer of all passengers to her. (This was, I presume, the *Stormcock*, mentioned in the book.) We finally reached Queenstown about 9.30 p.m., about seven hours after the *Lusitania* went down.

At the inquiry, held later in London, I believe it was stated that everything had been done that was possible to save life. I think, in reality, that the only people who should have come out without blame were the members of the crew and the passengers who lowered the boats and manned them. Very little control or judgment were in evidence and the absence of any previous planning led to a final chaotic state of affairs.

The *Arabic* was sunk in the same area about a fortnight later and sank in just over ten minutes. Out of her complement of over 330 crew and passengers just 300 were saved. They had had lifeboat drill.

R. J. R. MECREDY

Kelsey Road,
Caistor, Lincoln.

WHAT IS BRITISH SOCIALISM?

SIR,—There certainly is a real issue about whether the revolutionary or the evolutionary approach to politics are respectively "right" or "wrong" in the ethical sense. Nicholas Davenport thinks that I "dodged" this issue because I wrote, merely, that in some situations and in some places the one approach is "applicable," the other "inapplicable"; and vice-versa. He is shocked, he implies, because I do not condemn the revolutionary approach as always and everywhere ethically wrong.

But then does he? Would he maintain, on reflection that it was always a crime to revolt? Does he condemn the Hungarians as criminals for having revolted against their government last autumn for example? I think that the Hungarian revolutionaries were a thousand times ethically justified, "though they may have been neither prudent nor expedient." It would be easy to give other examples, both from history and from the contemporary world, of situations in which it would seem to me impossible to say that revolution was a crime (the July, 1944, conspirators against Hitler for instance). But surely this one recent Hungarian example, over which the Left and the Right in this country are at one in sympathising passionately with the revolutionaries, is enough to show that Davenport's implication that revolution is always and everywhere ethically wrong, simply won't do.

I stick, then, to some sort of formulations such as I attempted in my article on Professor Homan: the revolutionary approach to politics is inapplicable, and *therefore* ethically wrong, if and when social development is generally "upwards," and when, be it added, effective democratic institutions, capable of carrying out social change, exist. But I am unrepentantly unwilling to repudiate Lincoln's and Jefferson's affirmations of revolutionary right in other social circumstances. We must not let Mr. Davenport or anyone else erect the reformist approach to politics into some categorical imperative the universal applicability of which it is wicked to doubt. At

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present, thank heaven, it really does look as if evolutionary social change has a chance in our part of the world. In such a situation it would be profoundly immoral to attempt to make the revolutionary approach to politics, precisely because it would be absurdly inapplicable. That, at any rate, is how the ethics of the thing strike me. But perhaps a philosopher will enlighten us. The issue is a huge one and I am conscious that there is far more in it than I can see or express.

House of Commons. JOHN STRACHEY

PORTUGAL

SIR,—Senhor Potier's apology for Salazar's foreign policy should mislead no one into disregarding the quite exceptional value of Kingsley Martin's article, "Fascism in the Name of Jesus," to the future of Anglo-Portuguese relations. Being for a long while the first article in a British journal, so far as I know, to have talked honestly of Salazar's regime, it has naturally thrown Salazar's yes-men into a tizzy of indignation. They are accustomed only to officially approved or sponsored guests from Britain.

As one who has tried to talk honestly of Portugal's colonies I should like to add that the experience proved one thing among others—that there are in Portugal many liberal-minded men and women who have watched with bitterness and disillusionment the spectacle of post-war British Governments one after another swallowing in Portugal what they have resolutely refused to swallow (or not been allowed to swallow) in neighbouring Spain. These Portuguese democrats eagerly welcome the least sign of interest and understanding and support from Britain (for they have, oddly enough, a special love for Britain); and I would guess that Kingsley Martin's article will circulate in many clandestine copies among them. But they deserve many more such signs. They deserve real political support.

The continued imprisonment of Henrique Galvao, mentioned in the article, is only one reason for regarding Salazar's regime as a pitiful and fear-driven dictatorship; but in its way it is one of the most revealing reasons. For it was Galvao—then a Salazarist supporter as well as an Inspector of Colonies—who had the courage and patriotism to tear away the veil of official rectitude in the matter of Angola. In a terrible report drawn up after long official travels—dated January 22, 1947, but never published—he told his government that in Angola: "In some ways the situation is worse than simple slavery. Under slavery, after all, the native is bought as an animal: his owner prefers him to remain as fit as a horse or an ox. Yet here the native is not bought—he is hired from the State, although he is called a free man. And his employer cares little if he sickens or dies, once he is working, because when he sickens or dies his employer will simply ask for another."

At a time when Salazar's government, newly admitted to the United Nations, is refusing United Nations' investigation of the condition of Portuguese oversea territories (on the transparent pretext that they are not colonies, but provinces of Portugal herself), the words of this report echo unforgettably. "I maintain," declared Galvao, "that health services for the natives of Angola, Mozambique and Guinea—whether paid for by government or imposed by government on private employers—are, with rare exceptions, non-existent." Those who want longer extracts from Galvao's report will find them in a book of mine called *The African Awakening* (pp. 203). Meanwhile, perhaps Senhor Potier would care to recommend to his government that the whole of Galvao's report be now published in the further interests of truth—together with his government's reply, if it has one?

One other point. Articles such as this do have their effect. After British exposures of the truth about Angola (published initially in this journal and since confirmed and supplemented by John Gunther in his *Inside Africa*) even the Salazarist bureaucracy was moved to bestir itself. Angola has acquired a new governor. Portugal has signed some of the Forced Labour Conventions of the ILO to which she had previously belonged without having signed them. And in Angola itself the administration has abolished, or pretended to abolish, the so-called "recruitment with facilities"—a legalised method of enabling private employers to secure forced labour with the active help of the administration. None of this, of course, means that forced labour in Angola (or in Mozambique) has come to an end: on the contrary, such reports as I continue to receive by roundabout means suggest that there is as much as ever. What it does mean is that the Salazar regime, for all its helpless stagnation, is nonetheless responsive to democratic pressure from outside. Those who exercise such pressure can be sure that decent people in Portugal are aware of it and glad of it. And if a few newspaper articles and books can secure even such small changes as these, what could the organised weight of international opinion—operating perhaps through the Human Rights clause of the UN Charter—not hope to secure?

7 Woodlands Road, S.W.13. BASIL DAVIDSON

SIR,—It is little wonder that the Portuguese embassy in its comment last week on Kingsley Martin's excellent article on Portuguese Fascism restricted itself to an account of diplomatic exchanges and official pronouncements in connection with the Azores bases in 1943. It would be interesting to see how the embassy would attempt a similarly detailed refutation of the descriptions of press censorship, lack of civil liberties, political trials, farcical elections and official morality.

Nevertheless, taking foreign policy alone, the embassy's argument proves nothing against Kingsley Martin's suggestion that Portugal has not always been friendly to Britain. During the war formal neutrality was indeed cleverly preserved. But before the last two years of the war, when the issue was already decided, it was a neutrality rigorously interpreted towards Britain and more than benevolent towards Britain's enemies. Regarding this, the embassy maintains a silence typical of the casuistry of a regime whose leader has on one occasion denied the detention of political prisoners. But the reality is that a farcical trial is at present taking place of 52 political prisoners and in the course of the last month two "suicides" have been reported from the jails of the political police.

Similarly during the war Salazar made speeches lauding the Anglo-Portuguese alliance and speeches praising the Axis. Today only the former are recalled. The others have been expurgated. The fact, however, is that throughout the Thirties and during that part of the war which was most difficult for Britain, the Portuguese government effectively supported the Axis. All Salazar's natural antipathy to democracy and parliamentary methods and openly expressed affinity with the totalitarian regimes of Germany and Italy led him to this policy, though he was always careful to pay lip-service to the political necessity of the Anglo-Portuguese alliance. His lieutenants were not so careful and usually left out the lip-service.

From 1939 onwards official propaganda ceaselessly campaigned in favour of the Axis powers, and Portugal was an important source of strategic materials and food for the German and Italian armed forces. When Russia was invaded by the Nazis there was open recruiting of Portuguese to serve in Franco's "Blue Division" on the eastern front, and army officers and men were given leave of absence for this purpose; a Portuguese Military Mission led by the Minister of the Interior went to Russia at the request of the Wehrmacht.

In the far east, Salazar also assisted the Japanese. In 1941 air bases were granted to them in Timor for supposedly "commercial purposes." When Allied troops occupied the Portuguese half of the island, Salazar was indignant at the outrage, and demonstrations of protest were organised throughout the country by the "Legiao Portuguesa." But in February, 1942, when the Japanese attacked Portuguese Timor, Salazar praised the "correct terms" of the Tokio communiqué. Diplomatic relations were never severed with Japan, and the Japanese representatives remained on good terms with the Portuguese government throughout hostilities.

This then was the reality of Portuguese neutrality and friendliness to England, and it is worth recalling,

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as did the *Observer* (August 29, 1954), that Portuguese exports of wolfram to Germany ceased . . . the day after D Day.

London, W.3. EDWARD RIVERS

SUBSIDISED SEGREGATION?

SIR,—Why are you so happy about seeing an African woman . . . among the first student population of the University College of Rhodesia? And why do you regard racial segregation in the form of separate accommodation as a "debatable question"?

In the first case the selection of only one African woman and only eight African men out of a total enrolment of 74 students is an indication of the way in which this college is being run primarily in the interests of Europeans, most of whom come from families well able to send them to other seats of learning.

In the second case I would have thought that your paper, which has been so opposed to *apartheid*, would have revolted against the British taxpayer, who is subsidising the college through the Colonial Development and Welfare Fund, paying for this form of *apartheid*. For the African woman is not to be allowed to live in the same hall of residence as the European women, and similar restrictions apply to African men. In any event why the happiness? Surely what Africans need is primary, secondary and technical schools so that they may learn the skills and arts which are at present denied to so many of them.

A segregated university college is no substitute for this, their real need; moreover, the segregation is in itself an insult to Africans which you should be the first to condemn. LESLIE PLUMMER

House of Commons.

OPERATION PAVEMENT

SIR,—This story has been on my mind and conscience for a long time—the story of the housing shortage and of "homelessness," as Audrey Harvey calls it in her article, "Operation Pavement."

Last year a mother with a month-old baby came to the Welfare Clinic where I am a medical officer. She said she had nowhere to go after leaving the hospital, as her landlady would not have a baby in the house. So she was "living" at the Welfare Home, but had to leave there at 9 a.m. each day and not return until 5 p.m. The baby was fed in cafés or parks. This seemed somewhat at variance with the advice and care given to mothers at the clinic, and so the superintendent and I went to visit the Welfare Home (S.E.17). There we found that the mother and baby must have been admitted on a "temporary shelter" order, and that she was allowed to stay more than one night only because the matron ignored the regulations. The order meant that the mother was homeless through her own "fault." But however feckless she may have been, I cannot accept that she, and above all, the baby, should be treated in this way. A similar case was reported in a local London paper at about the same time. In this case the mother eventually abandoned her eight-week-old baby in a church. It was reported that an L.C.C. welfare officer said: "Because this woman came back several days in succession, the warden offered her permanent accommodation, with the baby, at another place. The mother said she was making her own arrangements." Another irresponsible mother, perhaps, but again what about the baby? Of the "short stay" families at this home, we were told that two-thirds were real "problem families" who seemed unable to settle down anywhere, while the rest were evicted families waiting to be re-housed.

Recently we visited some "problem" families. First, a family with three children living in one room. The mother was expecting another baby "any time now," but she was cleaning the windows, and the room was clean and brightly painted. Then a family with seven children in one room, rather dirty and smelly, but the children seemed loved and healthy. The mother was just not the house-proud type. Then, behind a dilapidated house, the worst of all—24 families living in 24 caravans (at 15s. a week ground rent each), with one tap and one lavatory between them all. Here we saw a baby of 17 months who seldom left its cot because there was no room for it on the floor. These are not problem *families*, we thought. *Housing* is the problem, and I have come to believe that bad living conditions cause more misery than anything else in this country at present.

A few weeks ago doctors at welfare clinics received a circular from the Medical Officer of Health, asking them not to write letters recommending families for re-housing except for "applicants suffering from some very serious medical condition," for whom 100 houses a year are set aside. Some 26,000 medical certificates in support of re-housing were sent last year, but in future "there will be no purpose in applicants forwarding certificates." For 165,000 families on its waiting list, of which 53,000 are "in the most urgent category," the L.C.C. expects to provide not more than 2,000 dwellings in the next three years. This low figure is partly because the L.C.C. is at present concentrating on slum clearance, which gives people better houses but does not greatly increase the number available. The local authorities may re-house some of these families—but how many?

I have read in letters to the press about the Rent Bill that there is "no real housing shortage." I wish the writers of these letters would explain this to the families living in the caravans and the single rooms, and I wish I knew what to do to help these people.

PHYLLIS DOBBS

3 Oakhill Park,
N.W.3.

TOP AND BOTTOM PEOPLE

SIR,—I was disturbed by Mr. Malcolm Muggeridge's review of Mr. Francis Williams' *Dangerous Estate* last week. One assumes that he intended that his remarks should be taken seriously appearing as they did in your pages and not in his own.

Now a lot of what he writes is plainly silly. Such a statement as "to me the prose style of Cassandra is decidedly more admirable than, for instance, that of Mr. T. S. Eliot" savours of the undergraduate arrogance of Mr. Muggeridge's own era. As he is not prepared to support this with any reasons one can only ask "admirable for what?" This links up with his previous statement:

> How tiresome is the assumption that any silly, pretentious novel or biography is more "important," more "significant," than what goes day by day and week by week into newspapers and periodicals.

Theoretically and empirically this observation is unsupportable. It can be refuted alone by the time and trouble spent over the preparation of books usually for very little financial reward when compared with that given by newspapers. This is not to say that such important material does not appear in daily newspapers (and *a fortiori* in weeklies and periodicals), but most newspaper writing is hasty, superficial and often ill-considered for the very reason that the writer knows that he will only be accorded a perfunctory perusal and as soon cast aside. This atmosphere naturally makes it easier for the sort of glibness and irresponsibility, in which Mr. Muggeridge specialises, to be acceptable.

It is, however, with the main theme of Mr. Muggeridge's article that I am principally concerned and with which anyone must be who is contemplating a career in journalism. Michael Foot, in last Sunday's *Observer*, writes of a future in which "journalism will change its character entirely, ceasing to be a profession in which decent men will wish to participate." But Mr. Muggeridge doesn't like *The Times*, *Observer* and *Guardian*—in relation to them he uses "responsible," "earnest" and "thoughtful" as pejorative terms. He takes his stand with the readers of other papers

> "who happen to prefer a bathing beauty to a fourth leader, gossip about film stars to a profile of Mr. Nehru, lurid coverage of crime to editorial exhortations."

If his thesis is that really newspapers are a mere adjunct of the entertainment industry one could scarcely argue with the evidence which he presents. But his case is that "these popular papers cater for the newspaper requirements" of the majority of the population. Yet he refutes himself by showing that the presentation of news is about the last thing that most editors have in mind. His fears for the future centre around the possibility of a governmental control which "rather than editorial irresponsibility will drain newspapers of their life and therefore destroy their usefulness." But if they merely provide sex, sadism, sensation and sentimentality, as Mr. Muggeridge goes out of his way to admit, then what usefulness have they as newspapers?

It is for this reason that so many people are concerned about the lamentable state of most of our daily papers. The general public both want and deserve something better than what they are being given. Too often today there is a tendency (from which Mr. Williams himself is not altogether free) to describe a man as a "good journalist" merely on the evidence of his ability to run a racy newspaper, with no regard whatsoever to its responsibility or its taste. This seems analagous to placing a brothel keeper higher up the scale than a hotelier on the grounds that he conducts a more efficient and popular establishment. PHILIP FRENCH

Exeter College, Oxford.

SIR,—Who is Mr. Muggeridge—is he one of the angry old men we are hearing about so much nowadays? NEVILLE CARDUS

112 Bickenhall Mansions,
W.1.

MR. CHURCHILL'S CASE

SIR,—Why should Mr. Francis Williams, usually so percipient, find it a "very odd situation" that he could not be told at once the outcome of a private meeting of the Press Council's general purposes committee? He must exercise a little patience. It is for the Press Council itself to make the decision on the complaint submitted by Mr. Randolph Churchill against Messrs. W. H. Smith & Son. There is nothing necessarily sinister in the usual practice of an authority in treating its committee reports as confidential until the main body has dealt with them.

LINTON ANDREWS,
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PENAL REFORM

SIR,—I am writing to offer my congratulations to you and the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION for so clearly initiating the prison reforms that Mr. R. A. Butler announced in the House of Commons yesterday. There are very few journals indeed that would have ventured on such a progressive and constructive supplement as that which C. H. Rolph got out for you recently. It has proved a perfect example of the right pressure at the right time. I believe that people will remember for decades that our prison system was neglected and starved until the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION "prodded" a Conservative Home Secretary into action. I should like to congratulate you on what has at once been a triumph of public service and public relations.

29 Cherry Tree Avenue, Haslemere. A. JOE BRAYSHAW

[We have a number of similar letters.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

EASTER LILY

SIR,—Mr. Brendan Behan's letter in your issue of March 9 might be allowed to go unanswered, but some English people may have got the impression from his recent antics on this side of the water that he is a person of some importance in Irish literary circles.

From his letter I can only conclude that if he read the *Easter Lily* at all he read it very hastily. He states, "he appears to give your reviewer the impression that the I.R.A. is composed of the sort of man who hates coloured students who walk out with Irish girls. This is a line of attack that Sean O'Callaghan has picked up in England since he went over there, and it is to be taken more seriously than the Zane Grey bits of his book, because it is less easy to disprove."

For Mr. Behan's information I will briefly quote from page 199 of the *Easter Lily*. "The brigade commandant told me. . . . 'They see the country being invaded by coloured men who come to study at the universities and very often because they can pay more deprive the Irishmen of places at their own universities. They see these men parading around with Irish girls and they do not like it.'" This is surely one man's view, and can in no way be construed as my personal opinion. Far from it being "a line of attack I picked up in England," since coming to this country I have become a member of two coloured clubs in Manchester, and a mixed club in London. I number coloured doctors and students among my closest friends.

Re the Zane Grey bits of my book. Does Mr. Behan regard the shooting of More O'Ferral before the eyes of his family, the killing of Admiral Sommerville, an old man of 74, at his own front door, the battering to death with hammers of a young Blue Shirt in West Cork, as being taken from Zane Grey? They happened only twenty years ago, and unfortunately we cannot blame the Black and Tans for such displays of violence.

Mr. Behan paints a touching picture of entertaining to tea "à l'anglaise" a coloured student and his Irish girl friend. While nobody would doubt the hospitality of Mr. Behan and his wife, surely this is beside the point, with as little bearing on the subject at issue as Mr. Behan's condescending reference to the Catholic priest who stayed with Dedan Kimathi until the moment of his execution.

Re Mr. Behan's slighting reference to *Picture Post* photographs in my book, has he forgotten that he took full advantage of *Picture Post* and its photographs during his recent buffoonery as the "broth of a boy" in his efforts to publicise *The Quare Fellow* in England? Perhaps Mr. Behan is one of those "self-righteous Irishmen" to whom Sean O'Casey referred in his review of my book, when he wrote "The book is a revelation of one mad moment after another showing such a frenzy for destruction and death as to make any self-righteous Irishman pointing a Christian finger at another in reproof to stand out as a hypocrite and a liar."

SEAN O'CALLAGHAN

172 Fleet Street, E.C.4.

STAGS AND PRIMITIVES

SIR,—Critic's note about stag-hunting raises a serious issue. It has been found that in our contacts with primitive peoples it does not always do to try to repress what seems to us a wanton and barbarous custom. The removal of one apparently evil custom may have serious repercussions on their other social institutions, so that on the whole the step is retrograde.

One does not have to be very sophisticated anthropologically to realise the significance which the hounding down of an antlered beast has for certain of the more primitive sub-groups of our rural communities. Some slight knowledge of their social habits provides the answer. Had we not better leave this regrettable custom untouched lest more socially harmful acts take its place to relieve the social and inter-familial tensions of our shires?

Perhaps Sir Bernard Waley-Cohen knows this very well.

TONY GIBSON

52 Elsworthy Road, N.W.3.

THE CO-OPS.

SIR,—You were in error to state that the Co-operative Union is "the supreme governing body of the Co-operative movement." There is *no* supreme governing body of the Co-operative movement, each retail society and allied Co-operative organisation being autonomous. The Co-operative Union is the advisory and co-ordinating body.

The nearest approach to a supreme governing body is the annual meeting of the Co-operative Union—the Co-operative Congress—at which the great majority of the delegates are from the retail societies. However, the decisions and resolutions of Congress are not binding upon any society, and there have been instances of societies exercising their right *not* to implement decisions of Congress.

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

Jeekaycee

G. K. CHESTERTON was the first grown-up writer that I ever discovered for myself. At the age of twelve I purchased, for two shillings, the selection of his stories, essays and poems that had just appeared in the Everyman Library. Then, as now, I had a fierce sense of property (more essential in a private school than anywhere in later life) and the inscription on the fly-leaf—"this book belongs to J. Raymond, 20th June, 1935"—marks the evening after prep when I first made informal aquaintance with Valentin ("head of the Paris police and the most famous investigator in the world"), Flambeau ("this colossus of crime") and the dumpy Essex priest with a face "as round and dull as a Norfolk dumpling." After which I tore through the book, only understanding one-fifth of it. For the next two years—until I crossed the floor and adopted Socialism, the Life-Force, the World State and the Shape of Things to Come generally, and urged Arms for Spain on the junior debating society of my public school—I was Chesterton-sold completely. I read all Father Brown, could recite whole stanzas of the *Ballad of the White Horse*, and much of the other poetry and revelled in *The Man Who Was Thursday*. Naturally, when I took up with Wells and Shaw, Chesterton lost a devoted reader. Though he never overwhelmed me in the same way a second time, I have since read all Chesterton's better-known work and a good deal of his lesser writings. And lately I have been re-exploring him in Mr. D. B. Wyndham Lewis's new World's Classics anthology*.

Though the selection itself is admirable—it aims "to take as wide a sweep as possible, discarding for the most part pieces in prose and verse already over-anthologised and familiar to all"—Mr. Wyndham Lewis's introduction is quite the reverse. Its rumbustious, pint-pot, claret-stoup, have-with-thee-to-Saffron-Walden! manner is just the tone calculated to put the contemporary common reader off Chesterton for life. There is a certain kind of professionally Catholic writer who is so steeped in Original Jeekayceeism that he cannot see the wood for the paradoxes. Mr. Wyndham Lewis is obsessed by the G.K.C. myth. He begins his essay on the accustomed Jeekaycee note:

> "Am in Market Harborough, where ought I to be—Gilbert"—The anguished wire received by Mrs. Chesterton is sufficiently celebrated, and sufficiently misquoted—a dozen towns usurp the primacy of Market Harborough in current British folklore . . . etc., etc.

Though I enjoyed this anthology immensely, I do not recommend it to any adult reader who is embarking upon Chesterton. Instead, I would recommend him to begin with the *Autobiography* (1936)—not just for the jokes, the stories, the brilliant cameos of James, Belloc and the rest, but for the picture it gives us of an England viewed from the original perspective of the men who fought vainly against the Boer War, the Marconi Scandal and the sale of Campbell-Bannerman peerages, a body of journalists and writers whose campaign for the English political decencies has left a permanent mark on our democracy. They failed in each of their specific causes; they sacrificed their time, their money and their energy as artists in the various struggles they undertook, the while men like Sir Rufus ("Gehazi") Isaacs and Sir Alfred Mond were climbing step by step—or, rather, in leaps and bounds—up the rungs of the Georgian ladder. In many cases—in Belloc's particularly—the struggle soured and embittered their lives and, like all good Christian self-diagnosticians, they were too intelligent not to realise this. But in the long run they made their point and their reward has been posthumous. The Sidney Stanley Tribunal, the punctilio of Dr. Hugh Dalton's resignation in 1947—whatever sins of unpunctilious omission Sir David Eccles may choose to commit in 1957—is largely the measure of what we owe to the editors of the *New Witness*.

Perhaps an even better introduction to Chesterton is Miss Maisie Ward's *Life* (1945)—one of those voluminous fighting biographies in which our literature is fortunately so well-stocked. Miss Ward does for G.K.C. what Mr. Robert Speaight has just done so admirably for Belloc. (His book is the first exuberant indication of the strong tide now flowing in Belloc's favour, a tide that will eventually sweep him into harbour among the supreme masters of English prose, alongside Swift and Gibbon.) Like Mr. Speaight, Miss Ward quotes copiously and to the point. Her book is quite un-Jeekayceean in tone: she gives us the essential Chesterton, the man behind the flagons and the tavern staves. She describes his solid middle-class background (Kensington with a dash of Scotch), his boyhood at St. Paul's, and under the "great grey water-tower" of Campden Hill, his spell at the Slade, his life as a journalist, his greatly blessed though tragically childless marriage. Chesterton is too often represented as a kind of TV Dr. Johnson. (It is unfortunate that Mr. Gilbert Harding has publicly voiced his admiration of Chesterton, since these three wildly disparate figures are now firmly welded in the illiterate public imagination as a trinity of sane, truculent good humour and we only need to sandwich the late James Agate between Chesterton and Harding to complete the Bluff Old Sage succession.) The vast figure in the sombrero and billowing cloak, the cigars and the Beaujolais, the messengers waiting all day for copy, the taxis waiting all day in Fleet Street—all this has long ago been written to death. The great merit of Miss Ward's book is that it shows us the serious Chesterton—the man who waited fifteen years before becoming a convert, the writer who slaved for five years as a journalistic drudge in order to carry on his dead brother's newspaper and impose Cecil Chesterton's ideals upon the indifferent and sceptical Twenties.

In her book Miss Ward suggests that Chesterton was a great social prophet. I do not believe this to be true. Like all good publicists, he was a great simplifier. No one who reads the effective and moving poem about birth control which Mr. Wyndham Lewis includes in his anthology, can doubt that he had never seriously begun to think about the subject. His whole cult of the poor or "The Secret People" ("Our wrath come after Russia's, and our wrath be the worst") seems, even in the context of its time, a piece of splendid, but unhistorical rodomontade. And it is the same with his laments for the Middle Ages, the guildy-livery nonsense of *Chaucer* and *A Short History of England*. Yet he had not read his Cobbett, Carlyle and Morris for nothing. Take this passage from *G. K.'s Weekly*, written after the Wembley exhibition of 1924 when the shadow of unemployment was already stalking the country. It might well be addressed to the men of Suez:

> . . . That was the real weakness of Wembley: that it so completely mistook the English temperament as to appeal to a stale mood. It appealed to a stale mood of success; when we need to appeal to a new and more noble mood of failure, or at least of peril. The English . . . no longer care to be told of an Empire on which the sun never sets. Tell them the sun is setting and they will fight though the battle go against them to the going down of the sun: if they do not stay it, like Joshua. . . .

This is the kind of peacetime fighting talk that this country needs if it is to survive at all. Chesterton may not have seen England steadily and whole, but his vision of it was as morally clear as Orwell's—if not more so.

His permanent literary value is far harder to assess. Shaw unwittingly put his finger on Chesterton's shortcomings as a writer in a letter written in 1923, discussing the prospects of the revived *New Witness*. Almost all that he says about the paper applies to Chesterton himself:

> Thus there is absolutely no public for your policy: and though there is a select one for yourself one and indivisible, it is largely composed of people to whom your oddly assorted antipathies and pseudo-racial feuds are uncongenial. Besides, on these fancies of yours you have by this time said all you have to say so many thousand times over, that your most faithful admirers finally (and always suddenly) discover that they are fed up with the *New Witness* and cannot go on with it. This last danger becomes greater as you become older, because when we are young we can tell ourselves a new story every night between our prayers and our sleep; but later on we find ourselves repeating the same story with intensifications and improvements night after night until we are tired of it . . .

Those paradoxes—repeated and repeated, intensified and improved, in essay after essay—how they charmed us when we were young, and how infuriating we find them today! Belloc's strength lay in his versatility; Chesterton by contrast seems a distressingly homogeneous writer. Yet, he, too, can ring his changes, as in the unusual and little-known poem *To the Jesuits*:

> Flower-wreathed with all unfading calumnies
> Scarlet and splendid with eternal slander
> How should you hope where'er the world may wander,
> To lose the long laudation of its lies?

This has the counter-attacking *panache* of Claudel (one of Chesterton's greatest admirers); it echoes his "*Ces vastes piliers de Saragosse, ces bruyantes racines de Manrèse.*"

Certainly, Chesterton's verse will be read as long as Kipling's—and that is saying a good deal. Men will continue to shout *Lepanto* as Buchan

* *G. K. Chesterton: An Anthology*. Selected by D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS. *Oxford*. 7*s*.

told the poet they shouted it in the trenches in '15. "Chuck it, Smith!" and that wonderful Bronx cheer for Stratford-on-Avon ("Lord Lilac thought it rather rotten, that Shakespeare should be quite forgotten") have already passed into the tag lines of English literature. Alfred will be making his last stand at Ethandune long after the sun has gone down on Notting Hill and the Flying Inn. Adolescents will continue to take fire at *Orthodoxy* and their elders be stirred to contemplation by *The Everlasting Man* (here, much more than in Belloc's *Objections*, is the real answer to Wells's *Outline of World History*). Personally, I think that his literary criticism—*Robert Browning, Robert Louis Stevenson* and *The Victorian Age in Literature* (my own favourite of all Chesterton's books)—is certain to survive. At his best, he was a superb *jongleur* of ideas and *St. Thomas Aquinas* is his greatest single intellectual achievement.

I sometimes think that Chesterton will be remembered chiefly through his character, as one of the few genuinely good human beings in the annals of literature. A lesser writer than Shaw, or Belloc or Wells, he had a larger heart than any of them—and all three men cared more for him than they did for one another. As Wells remarked in exasperation, he was an impossible man to quarrel with. Like all journalists, like Belloc himself, he wrote thousands and thousands of words, far, far too many. Belloc wrote dozens of bad books, but you have to look hard to find a bad sentence in any of them; similarly, in Chesterton you have to look hard to find a bad sentiment, a hint of malice or meanness or ungenerosity, and this, in a man who spent most of his adult life as a controversialist, is remarkable. For Belloc, the Faith was the supreme *donnée*, the composition of time and place into which a man was born; for Shaw it was a tragi-comic fantasy, a side-chapel in the vast temple of Evolution; for Wells it was an evil, deluding rigmarole, a huge piece of mumbo-jumbo invented by celibate sadists to subdue the free Cockney spirit of man; for Chesterton it was a quest, the great adventure. Having taken up these positions, all four grasped their rackets firmly and set to work, "united in the strife that divided them." What a grand, sloshing men's doubles they played for a quarter-century on the centre court of English ideas! Today, alas, the centre court is empty and all that is left of that unresolved tournament are the ball-boys of the TV panels lobbing at one another in a vain pretence that they are still playing the great game.

JOHN RAYMOND

The Fence

Language, a peeling fence, cracks at the lean
of the silent creature we have always known
and patched with slats against, and nailed, and tied,
smelling through gaps the sweat that sours his hide,
and sometimes catching sight of hoof and horn.
They tell us wood is strong, that it has borne
his hard-hurled shoulders from the very start,
though shakeh still stands firm. Half-eased, we turn.
Behind us our own house is trampled down.

ROBIN SKELTON

Suez

A Hundred Hours to Suez. By ROBERT HENRIQUES. *Collins.* 16*s.*

Middle East Crisis. By GUY WINT and PETER CALVOCORESSI. *Penguin.* 2*s.*

The Suez story is not yet part of history; we do not know whether it is the first chapter of the third world war, the end of the U.N., one of the most unsavoury double-crosses in history, or, as it is still conceivable, a case of last-minute rescue by common sense. Useful books can only be either interim reports or on-the-spot investigations. Guy Wint and Peter Calvocoressi have produced a quite admirable example of the first type and Mr. Henriques a rare and most readable example of the second.

Mr. Henriques, by distant descent a Jew but never before a Zionist, found himself emotionally involved in Israel's struggle and was chosen by Ben-Gurion to be the historian of General Dayan's brilliant campaign. He identifies himself with the Israeli cause and brushes aside the arguments against the offensive. It is not worthy of so experienced a writer to suggest that the only argument against the Israeli attack is the silly tag that "wars never achieve anything." The sensible form of this argument is that modern wars cannot achieve the particular objective intended; it is still far from clear that the Israelis' offensive is an exception. The Israelis are on solid ground, however, when they argue that the Arab leaders have absolutely refused all peace overtures, were officially and openly declaring, only last summer, their intention utterly to destroy Israel and that nothing would make them change their minds about Israel's right to exist except a military defeat, followed by a peace which they were compelled to sign. There is no doubt that most Israelis are wholly convinced that war was their only hope of survival and that they did not regard the campaign as a "preventive war," but as a necessary campaign in an existing war. Mr. Henriques tells the story of their swift victory without undue emotion, with much detailed inside information and with no more contempt for the Egyptians and their leader than one would expect in the circumstances. My complaint here is only that he speaks of Arab and Egyptian characteristics as if they were racial, whereas I suppose Arab behaviour patterns may be transformed just as surprisingly as those of Polish Jews, brought up in ghettoes, and now farming in kibbutzim and fighting like heroes.

Middle East Crisis is succinct, careful, and outspoken. Its use as a reference book is increased by appendices which summarise the facts about oil, provide some of the basic documents about the Canal's past history, the Resolutions of the Security Council, including finally the letter from Dag Hammarskjold to the Egyptian Foreign Minister of October 24th, 1956, which shows how advanced negotiations appeared to be just before the Anglo-French attack on Suez. The treatment of "the collusion" is a good test of any book on the Suez issue. Here, the summary seems to me just right. Ben-Gurion's remark on September 23 that Israel had at last found an ally certainly meant that he was at last receiving the types of arms Israel most needed from France, and could rely on M. Pineau to use his veto on Israel's behalf in the Security Council. Israeli officers attended planning conferences in Paris. Britain, not a direct party to such plans, knew the attack was coming and agreed with the French, that when it did come, they too would attack Egypt. The British might have got away with this in public opinion, if they had not told so many absurd lies. About these, Guy Wint and Peter Calvocoressi are quite candid. They end with a resolute effort to say what should now be done. They suggest, in brief, an international guarantee of Israel's frontiers, a United Nations occupation of the Sinai Peninsula, a return to the Canal negotiations at the point reached last October, a

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development scheme for the Middle East based, financially, on a levy both of the consumers and the royalty owners of Middle Eastern oil. Finally, they believe it is worth while to try to reach an agreement with Russia in the Middle East, where it may well be to Soviet interests to make some agreement.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

Woman, Slave and Free

The English Woman in History. By DORIS MARY STENTON. *Allen & Unwin.* 35*s.*

Brooding on the writing of *A Room of One's Own*, Virginia Woolf complained that nothing was known about women before the eighteenth century. Of Shakespeare's gifted sister (supposing that he had one) and the Elizabethan woman "with nothing but character and brains" at her disposal, not a trace remained. "What one wants, I thought—and why does not some brilliant student at Newnham or Girton supply it?—is a mass of information."

Lady Stenton has now produced a book which Mrs. Woolf would have found both useful and surprising. She has gone much further back than Elizabeth, in an attempt to recount the history of the English woman from Anglo-Saxon until almost modern times, always with an eye to those activities and achievements which have brought her a step nearer to emancipation; not trying to include everything in her picture, but bringing the selective historian's glass to bear on "the place allowed by English men to English women in the world of their day." For that, of course, is what it is; woman's place depends not only on her own capacities, but on the degree of freedom men are prepared to tolerate. Patience exhausted, ego a little tender, a Mussolini or a Hitler can at one stroke put back the clock a hundred years.

This history moves, indeed, with something of the backwards and forwards movement of a pendulum. Nobody is better equipped than Lady Stenton (working, one supposes, in the early stages hand in glove with her distinguished husband) to give us a clear picture of the Anglo-Saxon lady, dominant in her own sphere, a partner in her husband's, inheriting and bequeathing land, fiercely litigating over her possessions, formidable as a propertied widow, a whole and vigorous human being who gave little thought, it seems, to feminine subservience. The Anglo-Saxon woman, not only the aristocrat but the farmer's wife, the countrywoman, is one of the book's surprises for the uninformed reader, and it is with a wry sense of recognition that one sees the coming of Christianity, the authority of the Church, as a sly push sending the pendulum backwards. The Church, founded on Paul as much as on Peter, has been no friend to women.

What the Church began, the Norman Conquest continued. Women as human beings do not thrive in a militaristic society. They believe in it, of course, when they are part of it, and live as they can in their restricted sphere; but the tradition must have died hard in the Middle Ages of a robuster and freer life in the pagan world. Still, even in the Middle Ages, which look to us now like a long sentence of captivity, there were women of vigorous mind who found a narrow channel for themselves (what a joke, if one thinks of it) through the Church itself, and as powerful abbesses and prioresses, spinsters and rich widows in religion, played a part in the life of their time fuller, one imagines, than anything they would have been permitted outside.

Leaving the Middle Ages, on which her life as a scholar has been spent, one begins to see the limits that Lady Stenton has had to set if her subject were not to come down on her like an avalanche. Enough is already known about English Queens; she passes them with an appreciative glance. Contemporary fiction must not be admitted, however telling; heroines are notoriously misleading. Nineteenth-century women novelists will not be considered; facts about Jane Austen and George Eliot are accessible. What she will confine herself to, she decides, is evidence from comparatively unknown sources. Wills, letters, lawsuits, obscure publications will turn a searchlight on a host of forgotten women whom otherwise the general reader will never know; and so, stone by stone and fragment by fragment, she pieces together her mosaic, and watching the amassing of detail with fascination it is only at the end that one perceives the surprising nature of the design.

For surprising it is, here and there; not quite what, in ignorance, one expected; richer, denser, more fertile; wave upon wave, little-known lives crowding close upon the page like marine deposits accumulating through the centuries, until what emerges at last is solid land. In the seventeenth century, for example, these obscure lives, pressed together with a historian's economy, generate an unfamiliar light. There is a new uneasiness, not wholly Puritan, over the disparity between sons' and daughters' education; the Duchess of Newcastle is only one of many learned ladies; almost every page holds out fragments to catch the eye of a biographer. (Anne Harrison, later Lady Fanshawe, who bore twenty-one children in twenty-three years, was dauntless in Royalist adventures and wrote her memoirs, beckons irresistibly.) By the time we reach the eighteenth century we have lost all sense of surprise that Dr. Johnson should have praised Elizabeth Carter for her scholarship or honoured Mrs. Lenox with a wreath of bay-leaves on an apple pie; there are so many more for whom he might have devised compliments. Mrs. Catharine Macaulay, formidable historian, is not far off, the Quakers have noticed that women are human beings, and soon we are in the full spate of the nineteenth century.

What then went wrong? What was it, this time, that sent the pendulum swinging backwards, so that the pioneers of the new feminism, when they came, seemed to be leading a forlorn hope out of the dark ages? Lady Stenton sees the backward swing as due to the unlucky (but surely inevitable?) identification of feminism with Socialism. Radicals tended to encourage the women's revolution; Socialism was a dangerous evil, and feminism was tarred with the same brush. Husbands, fathers and bishops were alarmed; they took action. Another development may also have been responsible; with the growth of a new and prosperous middle-class the stultifying myth of the nineteenth-century "lady" came into being, a creature with nothing to do outside the nursery and the drawing-room.

The scope of this survey is so wide, in spite of its deliberately imposed limits, that the author has had to abstain from tempting conclusions. One is left pondering a number of questions not included in her plan. Was the passing of the Married Women's Property Act or the invention of birth control of greater importance in changing the status of women? Was the vote more potent as symbol than as fact? And why did the pioneers of emancipation never foresee that the success of their aims would set free not only the daughters in the drawing-room, but those indispensable creatures in calico aprons who, when the daughters left for the university, would with even greater eagerness set out for the factory, leaving the kitchen empty? These puzzles are for later historians to solve. They will at least be nourished and fortified by Lady Stenton's magnificent "mass of information."

MARGARET LANE

Liverpolitans Arise!

Liverpool. By GEORGE CHANDLER. *Batsford.* 35*s.*

This handsome tribute to the 750th anniversary of the creation of Liverpool as a borough in 1207 has been most beautifully produced. A large number of attractive illustrations, many of them in colour, catch much of the flavour of changing Liverpool, and the dust-cover, derived from a late seventeenth-century painting by a Dutch artist, will whet most appetites. Unfortunately, the text is most disappointing. Dr. Chandler, the City Librarian, has interpreted his task as the compilation of a panegyric about the noble qualities of Liverpolitans (the U-version of the more familiar "Liverpuddlians") rather than the writing of a definitive city history. Of his 515 pages more than three-quarters are devoted to the long period before Liverpool assumed a position of outstanding national and international importance. The patchwork record of medieval Liverpool has clearly interested him more than the broad, significant and well-documented themes of modern city development. The tone is set in the first seventy pages. In the first chapter on Kings and Castles, Henry V gets more space than Queen Victoria; Edward IV than Edward VII. In the second chapter on Barons and Strongholds, William Ferrers gets as much space as the 13th Earl of Derby. There is one brief reference to Canning, but none to Charles Booth, a mention of football pools but not of football, and as much emphasis on the reasons for Liverpool's Tudor decay as the causes of its enormous growth at a later date. Cotton is rarely mentioned, and there are only five scattered references to Bristol and seven to Manchester.

Such lack of balance makes this book disappointing both in itself and as a contribution to national history. The choice of treatment—a long-term survey of the contribution made by different social classes to the development of Liverpool—was clearly a promising one. Two weaknesses, however, have made the treatment unsatisfactory. First, Dr. Chandler has made little use of other people's work on Liverpool, much of it of the highest interest. All his footnote references are to primary sources. In writing about a city such a self-denying ordnance is a kind of fetish. Not only are newspapers the most exciting and useful source, but other people's narratives and comments are the stuff of

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the city's continuous existence. Scholarly employment of Mrs. Simey's invaluable *Charitable Effort in Liverpool in the Nineteenth Century* would have made all the difference to chapter VIII on the Poor and Underprivileged. In this key chapter, Dr. Chandler has made excellent use of seventeenth and eighteenth-century primary material on the treatment of the poor: secondary material would have greatly improved the ending. Other secondary sources which are extremely stimulating and necessary to a full analysis of Liverpool's growth, like Professor Checkland's 1952 article in the *Economic History Review*, are unused, while Brian White's *History of the Corporation of Liverpool* makes many points which deserve to be fitted in to any big study.

Second, Dr. Chandler does not seem to realise how important local studies are in modern historiography. He laments that "in the modern age the same emphasis cannot be placed on local history as in the pre-Great War golden age of local historical research." Few workers in the field of urban history would agree with this remark: it seems to have strongly influenced Dr. Chandler's own choice and layout of material in relation to his treatment. The emphasis on local history has changed in recent years, but interest has grown rather than diminished in two main fields of inquiry—the nature of "provincialism" in English life and the comparative study of cities. Liverpool is of the utmost importance in the investigation of both these themes. It has had a most vigorous provincial life—including a unique political history—and it has often led the way in matters good and bad.

"Liverpolitans arise!" is a fair motto. To do justice to it the main weight of emphasis must be placed on recent history. Alderman Braddock in his foreword to this book says that it is thrilling to learn of the old records bearing the names of Liverpool's first recorded reeve (1246), the first unofficial leader of the borough (1292), and the first recorded mayor (1351). Many readers would find it just as thrilling—and perhaps more rewarding—to learn rather more of the background of Liverpool's latest personalities, not least the full story of the making of the City Council of which Alderman Braddock himself is a leading member.

ASA BRIGGS

Krishna in Pictures

The Loves of Krishna in Indian Painting and Poetry. By W. G. ARCHER. *Allen & Unwin.* 30*s.*

The author of this book is the Keeper of the Indian Section of the Victoria and Albert Museum. A collector of Indian miniature paintings himself, it was a labour of love for him to catalogue and arrange the large number of such paintings possessed by the museum when he took over charge. Anyone who has seen them there will admit that they make a splendid show. They are, in fact, the best collection of Indian painting in Europe.

To appreciate them properly a little special knowledge is required. Their content in some cases is reasonably clear; they include portraits of eminent persons, hunting scenes, processions, battles and ladies of the harem. There is, however, another class, a very large class, which deals with the life and adventures of Krishna. The scenes depicted in them lose half their interest if one does not know who Krishna was. One is hardly better placed than would be a person viewing the paintings of the Italian schools who had never heard of Christ.

The purpose of the book here reviewed is, in Mr. Archer's own words, "to throw some light on Indian painting by presenting the story of Krishna in the plainest possible words." Thus he defines the limits of his theme. He is not concerned to compare Krishna with the other gods in the Hindu pantheon, nor to describe the rituals and practice of his worship, its temples and sculptures, nor the relationship between his cult and other

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religious systems of India. Such knowledge is not essential for an appreciation of the Krishna pictures. The story of his life will suffice to make all clear.

Mr. Archer then sets to work to uncover the sources of the story, a poetical romance, much of it resembling the folk legends which everywhere grow up round national heroes. Krishna first appears in the *Mahabharata*, the Indian epic corresponding to the *Iliad* and which began to take form before the Christian era. In this poem Krishna is declared to be an incarnation of Vishnu, the member of the Hindu Trinity who was concerned with the protection and preservation of mankind. An emanation of God, he assumes flesh to save the world. The story at this early stage depicts him as a military hero who delivers the people from oppressive rulers. The Krishna, however, who became afterwards the central figure of paintings (long afterwards, for nearly the whole of the paintings belong to the eighteenth century) was a different sort of person; he saves mankind not by destroying tyrants but by love.

Mr. Archer proceeds to trace how this later Krishna was evolved. Just as the first conception of him was created by the poets who wrote the *Mahabharata*, so his later character was the creation of the Sanskrit classics. The episodes of his career which appealed to the eighteenth-century artists are first related in a vast work called the *Bhagavata Purana* of the tenth century. Here the hero prince is declared to have been brought up from infancy by cowherds. His pranks as a child in country villages and, as a youth, the love he makes to the cowgirls, are detailed. A pastoral mood is superimposed upon the heroic mood of the epic. The divine saviour is shown as the darling of the common people, with whom he mixes on an equality. But his love for them is quite unlike the Christian conception of divine love, as is their love for him different from the Christian response to God's love for man. In the Krishna story there is a mingling of divine and human in an ecstasy which recalls the festivals of Adonis. One is reminded also of the mystic eroticism of the Tantra, though Mr. Archer does not think it necessary for his purpose to compare the god's orgies with those practised by Tantric devotees.

In the twelfth century final form is given to the pastoral and ecstatic Krishna by the famous poet Jayadeva in his *Gita Govinda*, one of the greatest Sanskrit poems. Mr. Archer's chapter on this development is enriched by extensive extracts from Jayadeva in George Keyt's translation (1947). Krishna is now provided with a cowgirl sweetheart, called Radha, who figures prominently in the paintings.

The reader by now is sufficiently instructed to understand the allusions in the paintings, 40 reproductions of which (one in colour) are given in the book. Mr. Archer's exposition has been throughout exceedingly lucid. His modest objective of throwing light on Indian painting by presenting the Krishna story is attained. The book will be found indispensable to everyone interested in the subject. Nor can it safely be neglected by students of painting in general, for it is a grave lacuna in a connoisseur's knowledge to be unacquainted with the curious byeway of the Krishna miniatures.

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Wilson the Yankee

A Piece of My Mind. By EDMUND WILSON. *W. H. Allen.* 15*s.*

Edmund Wilson, I do not see how it can be denied, is and has been for the past twenty-five years the best literary critic in the English-speaking world and also the best literary journalist. *A Piece of My Mind* is not one of his major works, but it is the most personal he has written and has the great value of enabling us to define the nature of his mind more closely than has been possible before. The book consists of a collection of highly compressed essays on religion (he is against it, as Calvin Coolidge's preacher was against sin), the United States, war, Europe (a tiresome and overrated place, which is very properly given the brush-off), Russia, the Jews (this section includes the brilliant fable, "The Messiah at the Seder," which recently appeared in *Encounter*), education (observations on the teaching of Latin and English) and sex; a statement on science and the scientific attitude, in the form of a dialogue between a zoologist and an iguana on the Galapagos, written more than thirty years ago; and an autobiographical piece, "The Author at Sixty."

The most significant of these are the last two, since they explain the others as indeed they illuminate Wilson's writings generally. Without them, the rest of the book might appear simply as a display of magnificently asserted prejudices, the crotchets of a Dr. Johnson-like figure who was both American and agnostic. "In the Galapagos" and "The Author at Sixty" put the prejudices in a context, show, indeed, that they are not prejudices at all but outcrops of basic beliefs and attitudes. A delightful fantasy as well as a witty and eloquent dialogue, "In the Galapagos" is as forthright, as confident, as impassioned a statement of the scientific view of life as anything written since T. H. Huxley. No wonder Mr. Wilson has no use for religion.

"The Author at Sixty" is something different. Here, in these reminiscences of his parents and the family houses in which he still lives, Wilson is writing a chapter of family history, and very fascinating it is. His account of his house at Talcottville, New York—"a complete anomaly" he calls it—takes one straight back to Fenimore Cooper's picture of life at Cooperstown on the New York frontier one hundred and fifty years ago as recorded in *The Prairie*. It reveals him, in other words, as being by upbringing and tradition a dyed-in-the-wool Yankee, the conscious heir of a system of values that repudiated Europe because Europe was inferior. This note—it is heard first in Crèvecoeur and Cooper and then in Emerson, Thoreau and Whitman—is the true American messianic note, and it is Wilson's. For Wilson, Europe is a congeries of petty, proliferating, squabbling nationalisms living on its past. Europe, in the sense of European civilisation, is elsewhere, and like a hammer-blow comes the prophetic quotation from Gibbon:

> . . . should the victorious barbarians carry slavery and desolation as far as the Atlantic Ocean, ten thousand vessels would transport beyond their pursuit the remains of civilised society; and Europe would revive and flourish in the American world, which is already filled with her colonies and institutions.

To be an American in Wilson's sense, then, is to have inherited everything of cultural value in Europe, not—and for English readers one must repeat not—in England alone. This is what comes out in his criticism, as methodically he evaluates, as well as his own native literature, the literatures of classical Rome, of England, France and Russia. But the United States inherits not merely European but the culture of the whole world; and in *A Piece of My Mind*, Wilson, the great assimilator, weaves yet another strand into his complex American web. Into it he brings the Jews, and the way he does so is typical of him. First there is the intellectual consideration of the problem, which begins with a comparison of the Hebrew Bible and the King James translation and an analysis of the influence of the Old Testament on American puritanism. He moves on to a consideration of Gentile conceptions of the Jews and finally to a wonderful statement of Judaism as a religion: "We are living with God in an empty room—in a room without pictures: the synagogue, where the only things displayed on the walls are words." That is one chapter; and then in the next, the fable "The Messiah at the Seder", we have the imaginative re-creation of it, the re-creation of what it means to be a Jew conscious of his Judaism. It is brilliant, of course, but also moving and profound, a genuine act of the creative imagination. Only Wilson could have written it, and part of the reason why he can do so stems from his stiff-necked nineteenth-century Yankeeness.

WALTER ALLEN

The Happy Hedonist

Yuan Mei. By ARTHUR WALEY. *Allen & Unwin.* 21*s.*

Yuan Mei, whose life spanned most of the eighteenth century, was early a poet of distinction, but laboured in the usual round of examinations and office until the age of 32, when, apparently from pique at having failed to obtain a high appointment for which he had been recommended, he resigned his office and spent the rest of his long life in retirement. In his Nanking villa in the midst of landscape gardens he passed the days, surrounded by beautiful concubines, handsome young men, shoals of friends and a devoted wife, in reading and writing, pursuing his amours, giving tuition to young ladies, and collecting ghost stories, recipes for dishes and cures for his various ailments. A good deal of time was spent away from home—with one of the young men—on sightseeing tours which he afterwards wrote up for publication. The Black Dog which so often sits upon the shoulders of the Western sensualist seems not to have bothered him; and even in his last illness, shouts of laughter rang out from the sick-room where he lay talking to his friends and making plans for the publication of his Collected Works. True, as old age came he lamented the decay of his charms and consoled himself with hair-dye. But sighing before mirrors over one's frosted pow was a fairly hackneyed theme among Chinese poets. One doubts his sincerity in this case, since the passion for books increased in him as carnal passion diminished; and one finds him slipping guiltily in the early morning from

the arms of his concubine to go and work in his library.

What does, I think, emerge very clearly from this book is that to be a successful hedonist requires a certain amount of courage. Undoubtedly Yuan Mei enjoyed shocking people. Many people in his day thought it improper for a young lady to be educated at all—let alone by a somewhat Bohemian poet, and on the premises; and friendships with boy actors, though widespread as a hobby, were not normally referred to by those who indulged. Yuan Mei's cheerful mockery of strait-laced friends who deplored this side of him could no doubt be ascribed to a natural mischievousness. But there was real courage in his refusal to let fear of authority deflect him from holding strong views on the freedom of literary expression. The hazards of writing under a regime which was touchy to the point of mania about criticism of itself were such that, in Yuan Mei's day, several writers were executed and their families reduced to beggary for a mere phrase or two not even intended to be seditious. Yuan Mei had highly placed friends, but it is doubtful whether they could have saved him from the Literary Inquisition if he had fallen into its toils; and he several times took risks in doing good turns for other writers.

A great deal of this book is taken up with translations of selected passages from Yuan Mei's various works. Indeed, Dr. Waley suggests that what he has written is more like an anthology than a critical biography. Yet his subject (for whom he clearly feels affection) is portrayed with such skill and sympathy that I, for one, emerged from the book feeling that I knew Yuan Mei extremely well. One is so accustomed by now to the apparently effortless way in which Dr. Waley produces this stream of delightful books that it would perhaps not be out of place to observe here what a very great deal of labour and erudition must go into their creation. When almost every sentence one writes requires the prior consultation of perhaps half a dozen books, it all too often happens that the heavy hand of scholarship casts a blight of dullness upon the results. We are fortunate in having, as our leading sinologist, a man in whom the light of literature burns with so bright a flame.

DAVID HAWKES

The Course of Empire

The Year of Decision 1846. By BERNARD DE VOTO. *Eyre & Spottiswoode*. 50*s*.

The Far Western Frontier. By RAY ALLEN BILLINGTON. *Hamish Hamilton*. 30*s*.

An Economic History Of The United States. By PETER D'A. JONES. *Routledge*. 21*s*.

From a modern map of the United States subtract Oregon, Washington and California; Texas, New Mexico and Arizona; all the mountain states and most of the territory west of the Mississippi. All this, almost in one year, became the American empire—and gave the United States what no nation had ever before possessed, room for internal expansion and colonisation. Spilling over westwards and southwards into a near-emptiness of mountain, desert and ripe valleys, a few thousand men carved out continental frontiers from a wilderness and opened the West in one prodigious shove. Tired, ragged, hungry, with the gleam of destiny in their eyes and one swallow left in their water-bottles, they pushed aside the Indians and Mexicans, working to no clear plan but the urge to take that emptiness for their own. 1846, as Mr. DeVoto rightly argued, was the year of decision, when the U.S. stretched out to the Pacific and made sure that it would have room to grow and prosper. And, writing nearly a century later, he was still staggered by the size of that decision and by the tiny number of men who actually made it.

The numbers were so small, in fact, that I suspect DeVoto could have named most of them, at least all the important men whose names recur over and over in the memoirs, despatches and histories, and told you who was where on what day simply by consulting the detailed itineraries he had carefully built up in a lifetime's obsession with the opening of the West. In all that space, the trails crossed and recrossed. Jim Bridger, Jim Clyman and Applegate, the "mountain men" who traced the routes across the Divide; Kearny and Doniphan, the soldiers whose quiet competence really won the South-West while Zachary Taylor marked time in Mexico; Frémont, the "Pathfinder", always just missing greatness; the Donner party, on their way to disaster and cannibalism in the snow of the Sierra; the young Francis Parkman, so concerned by the vanishing Indian that he missed the importance of the arriving emigrant; some subalterns in the army fighting against Mexico—some men called Meade, Grant, Lee, Jefferson Davis, and Beauregard—who played out together a rehearsal for another and grimmer war; and pressing westward, bound not for Oregon but for Zion, the Mormon refugees heading for the valley of the Salt Lake. These last, the strangest of all the strangely inspired groups, drew together so many of the strains that sent Americans westward. They were seeking life, quite literally; liberty, in their own meaning, and the pursuit of their own form of happiness. They had woven a doctrine from fundamentalism, from Robert Owen and Fourier, New Harmony and Brook Farm. And they could feel the pull of the free and empty lands behind the sunset. There are many things about these persecuted fanatics—not least their persecution mania—which DeVoto disliked. But he concedes that they were the most dedicated and the most successful part of the great emigration of '46: they had to go west and they had to make a success of it if they were to survive.

This book, superlatively written as were all De Voto's books, is not his greatest. That title belongs to the second volume in the trilogy—*Across the Wide Missouri*—of which this is the first, belatedly published here to complete the set. But it is a remarkable work which makes one regret again his death last year. I know of no other writer on the American West who so combined knowledge, fascination and affection: this is the amateur historian at his best, free of the doctoral compulsion to be precise to the last footnote. DeVoto, of course, was scrupulous about his facts, yet his books are a triumph of creative imagination as well as of narrative. Consider, for example, the problem of keeping track of a dozen expeditions and parties, and at least a hundred principal characters; few authors could achieve this without confusion, and fewer still could recapture the sweeping motives and inner meaning of this westward surge.

I note this achievement because it is emphasised by the more formal history of Professor Billington, who deals with much the same material as DeVoto. His book, it is true, covers 30 years rather than 14 months, and it is a well-organised and neatly written survey of the frontier, of the Texan and Californian revolts, Polk's extraordinary war with Mexico and the Mormon emigration. But anyone who really wishes to understand how and why, to be *involved* in the westward course of empire, should turn to De Voto's classic rather than Billington's text. For DeVoto was writing for the real reader, rather than the student, and his typewriter never hammered men and women down into the leaden figures of the examination paper. Someone must do that, it is true, and Mr. Jones has given us a useful and sturdy summary of laws, weights, measures and monies which will do its duty by the limited commands of the college syllabus.

For meaning, as opposed to mere sense, comes not from summaries but from selection. And the meaning of '46 was modern America. Until the West was opened and secured, the United States preserved the uneasy balance struck by the founding fathers: North and South, the free economy and the stagnant one, personal freedom and the peculiar institution. Once the balance was upset, the country and the constitution had to be remade, a continental nation had to resolve the contradiction that lay at the heart of the system. Congress was asked to decide questions that proved unanswerable by peaceful means. Was slavery to spread into the new lands settled by free men? Who could create a civil government in the western territories? And could Congress enforce the compromises reached on Capitol Hill? "At some time between August and December 1846," DeVoto wrote, "the Civil War had begun." It probably began some time after eight p.m. on Saturday, August 8, when David Wilmot rose in the House of Representatives to move the Wilmot Proviso to Polk's request for money to grab part of Mexico—and expressly declared that slavery should be excluded from any territory thus gained. That day, the Donner party—tragic symbols of the westward march—were breaking the axles of their wagons in the canyon of the Weber river. Kearny's troops were in sight of Santa Fé and Frémont was about to enter Los Angeles. Manifest destiny was expressing itself through a few potent and unknowing instruments.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

Strange Relations

Symbolism from Poe to Mallarmé. By JOSEPH CHIARI. *Rockliff*. 32*s*. 6*d*.

One of the curiosities of literature is the admiration in which Baudelaire, Mallarmé and Valéry held Edgar Allan Poe. They hailed him not only as the great, original poet who had made their own work possible, he was also a profound thinker, the creator of a "new intellectual world." Those are Valéry's words, and he goes on to call Poe, among other equally improbable titles, "the demon of lucidity and genius of analysis." When one thinks of the superb intelligence of Valéry and his masters and then of Poe's wordy, pretentious theorising, and his mechanical, often noisy, poetic contraptions, one begins to believe the

JOHN METCALF (*Sun. Times*) writes
"Remember the name—
JOHN BRAINE. You'll be hearing quite a lot about him.

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is his first novel and it's a remarkable one . . It's a long time since we heard the hunger of youth really snarling; and it's a good sound to hear again."

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"I read it with a great deal of pleasure. He has a real talent."

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EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE

Frenchmen had got the name of their poet wrong, that they had mistaken him for Blake, perhaps, or Coleridge.

Both Mr. Chiari, in his *Symbolism from Poe to Mallarmé*, and Mr. Eliot, in the brief foreword he has provided, believe that the cult of Poe was based on "a fecund and significant misunderstanding." Not that the Symbolists did not know enough of the English language; it was the nature of English literature itself they misunderstood. Mr. Chiari, for example, defends Mallarmé's abused translations of Poe's verse; he shows that the mistakes are largely for the sake of good poetry; the detail was perfectly at Mallarmé's command. But what Mr. Chiari does not point out is how congenial Poe's language was to French. For Poe was a rhetorical writer, both in poetry and prose, and there is something in the formal, cadenced solemnity of French which makes rhetoric sound particularly convincing. Here, for instance, is Poe on the "poetic feeling":

> The struggle to apprehend the supernal Loveliness—this struggle, on the part of souls fittingly constituted—has given to the world all *that* which it has ever been enabled at once to understand and *to feel* as poetic.

It is one of those definitions which begins with one unknown and ends with two. Poe never discovered that suppleness gives English prose its power, not periphrasis. And yet, with all respect, those declamatory periods might have sounded very imposing in French. The Symbolists may then have reverenced Poe not merely because he touched on problems which interested them, nor because they lacked the feel of English literature, but because he wrote a language which was essentially near their own.

Mallarmé's own theories show how it is possible in French to arrive at the greatest delicacy by way of a kind of rarified rhetoric. His poetic ambitions were immense. He claimed that in the poetic act he was the equal of God, creating an autonomous world, remote from everything illogical and haphazard. The substance of his world was a language in which every word had been abstracted to its "Idea," wrenched free from habitual syntax and set into motion under a rigorous, intuitive control, like notes in music. The end of all this was, in Mr. Chiari's words, to create "a state of trance whence will rise the unheard music, the vision of the absolute." Mallarmé's theories, in short, were almost too grand for poetry. They often sound more like a mania, and led him by his own nose until he concluded that the only true poetry was absolute silence. Yet though the theories sound so unreal, they were responsible for some of the subtlest and most original poetry ever to emerge from France.

How much of all this Mallarmé owed to Poe is Mr. Chiari's nominal problem. And as his book progresses he becomes less and less convinced of the debt. At best, it seems, there was Poe's "insistence on control and construction" and on the indefiniteness of the poetic experience; and then there was his preoccupation with music—though that, for Poe, often meant little more than a kind of vulgarised Tennyson. To prove his points Mr. Chiari produces a great heap of quotations from Poe and the Symbolists, the critics and the counter-critics. In fact, one could have done with considerably less from other writers and more first-hand discussion of the poetry itself. But this side of the book is thorough, respectable and pointed here and there by some perceptive comments. Unfortunately, there is also a shady side: Mr. Chiari can't resist his own rhetoric. It takes the form of hortatory philosophising; at every opportunity the author fuses the poetry into a kind of name-dropping metaphysics. This grandiloquence apart, Mr. Chiari has provided a diligent theoretical background for the study of Mallarmé in his vague, troubled relationship with Poe. In the end he seems to agree with Verlaine's verdict on the American: *Quel naïf que ce malin.*

A. ALVAREZ

Shorter Reviews

Dark Ladies. By IVOR BROWN. *Collins.* 18*s.*

To confine Helen, Sappho, Cleopatra and the Dark Lady of the Sonnets inside the covers of one volume is a task for a firmer hand than that of Mr. Brown, whose grasp of the subjects is chivalrous rather than careful. "This book is not for specialists," he hopefully begins; but others besides specialists may be disconcerted at finding Cleopatra's suicide postdated by 60 years, and Julius Cæsar placed in the first century A.D. The generalisations that Mr. Brown permits himself are no less arbitrary; it is all rather as though Rebecca West had been digging up Plutarch, with confusing assistance from Robert Graves. It is only when Mr. Brown disengages himself from the Ancients that his gift for literary detection is displayed. In the last eight years he has changed his mind about Shakespeare's Dark Lady, plumping now for Mary Fitton, and his reasons for doing so are convincingly set out. Cleopatra, he decides, was neither the "babbling child" of Shaw nor the "glorified nymphomaniac" of Shakespeare, but a bluestocking ("That she found Cicero a bore," he explains, "is no argument against her possession of sagacity.") The sex-life of his subjects, which he describes as their *vie amoureuse*, is a continual source of embarrassment to Mr. Brown: "It is difficult to find the right word for Sappho's devoted attachments such as that for the tender Atthis. The 'pash' of the girls' school is a vulgar debasement of a strong word, but the occurrence of the 'pash' is a natural and innocent phenomenon of the age of puberty when girls and their teachers are living in the close quarters of the boarding school." This is almost enough to give Mr. Brown a historical niche of his own, as the only biographer who would search for fig-leaves in a basket full of asps.

P. W.

Leigh Hunt's Literary Criticism. Ed. L. H. and C. W. HOUTCHENS. *Columbia : Oxford.* 45*s.*

This big book (a companion to *Leigh Hunt's Dramatic Criticism* published in 1949 by the same editors) brings together more than fifty pieces, for the most part critical, but with excursions into politics, biography and belles lettres. It is a useful undertaking since a great deal of Hunt's journalism has never been reprinted, and some of the early nineteenth-century periodicals in which his work appeared are very hard to come by. The selection is introduced by a seventy-page appreciation of Hunt as a man of letters by Professor Clarence D. Thorpe, of the University of Michigan. This is altogether too devotional in tone: Hunt is defended with solemn irrelevance against Dickens's Harold Skimpole caricature, and is placed way up there among the "literary greats," but with touches of naive academic conceit that are almost unbelievable: "Hunt was decidedly not an uneducated man. On the contrary, waiving prescribed academic requirements, his achievements as a student and critic of literature and as a translator were alone such as to make him, were he living today, an entirely eligible candidate for a professorship in almost any British or American university."

Hunt was not a commanding genius, but he was worth half a dozen Professors, British or American.

J. J.

The Gramophone Handbook. By PERCY WILSON. *Methuen.* 15*s.*

The World's Encyclopædia of Recorded Music. Third Supplement, 1953-1955. By FRANCIS F. CLOUGH and G. J. CUMING. *Sidgwick & Jackson : Decca Record Company.* 8 *guineas.*

Much of Mr. Wilson's *Gramophone Handbook* is somewhat technical. In readers not versed in these mysteries a few of his chapters, such as that on fault diagnosis, may induce the sort of anxiety that comes from indiscreet peeping into medical textbooks. There are so many frightful diseases that may remorselessly be eating their way behind the gleaming face of your gramophone. Do you by any chance have an impedance across your grid circuit? Is your pick-up displaced from neutral, have you low-frequency trouble or do you simply suffer from instability? If so, Mr. Wilson is your man. He also provides useful chapters on planning new high-fidelity equipment (this is particularly valuable), on installation and maintenance, on tape recorders and new methods of sound reproduction, as well as on all the main components of a gramophone. His authority in these matters is vouched for by the fact that he is technical editor of *The Gramophone*.

Clough and Cuming's great work is, of course, the very gospel of discophilia. The third supplement to their encylcopædia lists all discs issued in all countries from 1953 to 1955, with an addendum that carries the main issues up to March, 1956. Among other things it shows that a certain number of delectable items are for some reason or another being withheld from the English public. It is, for instance, curious that the agents here of American Columbia (presumably Philips) should not have made available in this country an absolutely fascinating selection of songs from Kurt Weill's lesser-known works, sung by his widow, Lotte Lenya.

P. H.

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LAWRENCE & WISHART

No Fine on Fun. By A. P. HERBERT. *Methuen.* 15s.

"The Comical History of the Entertainments Duty", says the sub-title on the dust jacket—legitimately enough. But lest too many of the followers of A. P. H., humourist, are misled, it is fair to point out that this book is the work of Sir Alan Herbert, publicist, ex-M.P., indefatigable champion of off-beat good causes. Comic "peculiar", in fact, not comic "ha-ha." The book is a full-length political pamphlet recounting in valuable, if tedious, detail the whole history of the entertainments tax from its origin as a "temporary measure" in 1916 to the present day.

The author concentrates on the tactics and vicissitudes of the running campaign which the entertainment industry—in its widest sense—has for the last 35 years waged against the duty. He pays particular attention to his own distinguished role in it. Indeed, the core of the book is the disputation which developed after the 1946 Budget—and continues to this day—between A. P. H. and his equally distinguished professional colleague Benn Levy about the exemption from duty (of which Mr. Levy approves) of "non-profit-making societies" with "partly educational aims." So fairly does the author expound the argument that this reviewer at least, who had been, instinctively and without much thought, on Sir Alan's side in favour of abolishing the duty altogether, is now largely won over to Mr. Levy. The real value of this book is as a work of reference: it provides a complete documentation of an issue which arises with every Budget. M.P.s will find it indispensable.

J. F.

Week-end Competition

No. 1,412

Set by B. Mount

Competitors are invited to suggest a mnemonic rhyme (limit 12 lines) for use at the beginning and ending of summer time. Entries by April 2.

Result of No. 1,409

Set by Bistro

The usual prizes are offered for a lyric for the "house" skiffle group of one of the following: the A.E.U., the Headmasters' Conference, the Institute of Chartered Accountants, the Royal College of Surgeons, the Intelligence Corps, Equity or the Newspaper Proprietors' Association.

Report

Skiffle is mostly fast, exciting rhythm, repetition of words, and noise; and, without having the Boys along to play it, it's difficult to prove a lyric's quality. It would have been fun to take these entries down into one of the cellars around Soho and hear the words shouted above the throbbing, jangling guitars and the beat and whirr of the washboard. S. M. Mansell's Intelligence Corps entry (rather too wordy) was to be sung to "the clash of Russian grammars or encephalograms and occasional shakings of captured bottles of cyanide capsules." And what of the Headmasters

Sendin' to the bendin' of the Lower Third Remove
Whackin' 'em and crackin' 'em until you're feelin' smooth

(Desmond Cooper)

The boys at my local Grammar School were caned in the crypt—surely an ideal skiffle dive? And some of those dark offices in the City would make a fine setting for the Accountants'

So strike that balance, Dad-ee-yo
An' dig that double entree-yo

(Michael Doris)

But too many competitors missed the beat and got bogged down in elaborate wordiness (quite remote from American folksongese). And why weren't there some good simple A.E.U. lyrics! Brummie, G. J. Blundell, Frank A. Dobbs, Martin Jordan and Ben Ellison set a fair rhythm. Gloria Prince wins three guineas and a guinea each to the other entries printed.

NEWSPAPER PROPRIETORS' ASSOCIATION

CRIME and SEX and LIVING WAGE
ROCK 'N' ROLL across the page
GLAMOUR GIRLS are all the rage
(So thumbs up, Will Ha*LEY*!)

FOUND: THE TOMB OF OLD KING COLE
IS CANCER CAUSED BY ALCOHOL?
MATTHEWS PUTS IT THROUGH OWN GOAL
(So thumbs up, Will Ha*LEY*!)

LADY FLAPDRAWERS LOSES FROCK
PRINCESS PLAYS AT POSTMAN'S KNOCK
PRESS PROPRIETOR RUNS AMOK
(No, *not* Sir Will Ha*LEY*!)

GLORIA PRINCE

Now this here's a story of the Fleet Street racket,
If you play your cards right, you can make a packet.
But to make real money in this here game,
You gotta remember that the truth's too tame.
Yes, the sky's the limit on London's vice,
But to knock another paper, well that ain't nice.
And if the Press Council guys go after your hide,
Remember they're unarmed and we've got Gunns on our side.

So don't you knock me Daddy-O
Don't you knock me Daddy-O.
I'll keep mum till Kingdom come,
If you don't knock me Daddy-O.

LEONARD BROWN

ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS

Chorus Dig, man, dig!
Snick, man, snick!
Dig a little hole, and we'll see what makes him tick!
I took me a scalpel the other day,
I said to my patient: "Pray, man, pray!"

Chorus I gave him a whiff and it must ha' been shock,
For all of a sudden he started to rock.

Chorus I said to him: "Brother, you've nothing on."
He answered me crazy: "I'm gone, Doc, gone!"
Chorus Dig, man, dig!
Snick, man, snick!
Dig a little hole, and we'll see what makes him tick!

Amputation, appendectomy,
(Get with it Sister, and count them swabs)
Hern-i-a and tonsillectomy,
(Get with it Sister, and count them swabs)
This guy looks a perfect wreck to me,
(Get with it Sister, and count them swabs)
They're all the same, so what the 'heck to me!
(Get with it Sister, and count them swabs)

Refrain
We're gonna chop him up; we're gonna cut him up!
We're gonna chop him up; we're gonna cut him up!
We're gonna chop him up, cut him up, chop him up, cut him up,
And then sew him up!

EDDIE C.

City Lights

Strike-struck

The City has paid its respects to the shipbuilders and the engineers. Sterling is weaker, bill rate is up again, gilt-edged have slipped, and many share prices are a little lower. So far the reaction has been automatic and stilted: the City has put itself in a good position for responding to events but has not yet responded to them. Spring is here, the petrol ration is going up, Mr. Mavroleon has pointed out that the effect of a shipbuilding wage increase on escalator clauses might be to push up shipbuilding profits further. City feeling about the rights and wrongs of the strike is shifting, and Swan Hunter's announcement of a sharp increase in profits has helped to shift it further.

* * *

The tobacco war looks like warming up. A month ago, Imperial Tobacco (which controls 70-75 per cent. of the British market for cigarettes) announced that its gross profit had scarcely

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risen during 1956 and that its net profit had fallen. This, plus the statement that sales fell in the second half of the year and the fact that total expenditure on tobacco rose sharply, suggested that IMPS was beginning to feel the pressure of competition—chiefly from Gallaher (with Senior Service and Park Drive), which accounts for another 20-25 per cent. of the market, but also from the small independent manufacturers who are trying everything from gift coupons downwards in a desperate attempt to increase their turnover and smell profits again. At the annual meeting of IMPS this week, the chairman warned shareholders that some reduction in the dividend rate this year was a possibility which could not be ruled out—to meet competition, there would have to be an "appreciable increase" in selling expenses.

* * *

Companies which find themselves in difficulties can either contract or expand. If they choose to expand they usually have to borrow, and while they are in difficulties borrowing can be expensive. Pressed Steel, for example, has suffered with the motor industry. Profits have fallen from £958,000 to £713,000, and the dividend has been cut from 22½ to 15 per cent. Yet it wants to expand and needs to borrow. Raising equity capital is expensive while the share price is depressed, and no company wishes to saddle itself with a permanent burden of prior charges. The popular compromise at the moment is to issue a convertible loan stock, a stock which offers a good fixed-interest yield for some years and the chance of converting into Ordinary shares later on at a decent capital profit. In the case of Pressed Steel, those shareholders who subscribe for the new stock will be able to convert it into Ordinary shares during 1958-61 at prices not very much higher than the depressed price of the moment. There is a reasonable enough chance that in two or three years' time the share price will have recovered strongly (it was nearly 50 per cent. higher at one time last year) and that there will prove to be a good profit from buying at the option price.

* * *

Small breweries find the going difficult nowadays, and the larger ones, through merger or takeover, are rapidly absorbing them. Whitbread has developed its own methods of expansion. For some time the company has made a habit of buying shares in small, local breweries without taking them over, leaving them to pursue their business in their own traditional way—except to make use of their bottling plant and see to it that their houses stock Whitbread beers. There are now ten of these associates, and Colonel Whitbread called a conference this week to explain the merits of his policy to the press. On two points, at least, the press remains unconvinced. Some City editors still feel that it would be better for shareholders if they had a more orthodox kind of marauder to deal with. A bidder would at least offer them something well above the market price for their shares: Colonel Whitbread offers them nothing, and ensures that nobody else will. Other editors think it wrong that it should be possible for the directors of a company which is doing badly (for whatever reason) to appeal to Whitbread, stave off the threat of outside intervention, and at the same time maintain themselves permanently in office.

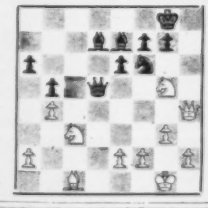
TAURUS

The Chess Board

No. 384. The Real Euwe

"It is unbelievable," said the man in the train while sadly packing away his pocket-set and turning to the tall, quiet passenger with the rimless spectacles; "I still can't believe that you beat me four times in a row: *me* whom back home they call the Euwe of my club." He never learned that he was speaking to the real Euwe, at that time world champion of chess.

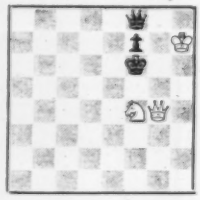
A good measure of the real Euwe, his unassuming charm and his quiet sense of humour emerges in his (and Bob Spaak's) booklet *Meneer Caissa*, published by Bezige Bij, Amsterdam and just out in a German version *Caissas Weltreich* (publ. by *Siegfried Engelhardt*, Berlin-Frohnau at DM. 4.80). Since Euwe must have played Alekhine more often than anybody else his fair assessment of that great master's personality and his sympathetic understanding for the hapless man's foibles is most remarkable; no less interesting are his truly first-hand observations on the organisation of chess in Russia and the sportsmanship of their players. In his final chapter Euwe gives sound reasons why Lasker should be considered the greatest chess-player of all times, but most of the book is in a lighter vein and contains reminiscences of the author's travels, such as the one through Southern Rhodesia where he lost a hat which, ever since, is being used as a trophy for an annual lightning tournament. There are also a good many anecdotes on chess masters, such as Blackburne who teased one of Euwe's compatriots by asking him the difference between a gas pipe and himself. "A gas pipe," guffawed Blackburne, "is a hollow cylinder, and you are a silly Hollander." There are also a few—too few—games and endings, and there is a most amusing concoction of a model game between a master and a duffer, complete with revealing comment from both sides. There is also a chapter on blindfold chess as well as on "chess blindness," with an almost incredible case of "double blindness." (see previous column). The position occurred in the 16th game of the 2nd match, and Euwe (Black) blithely played (25) . . . Q-K4. The audience gasped, for almost everybody saw White's chance of Q-R8 ch, followed by Kt x BP—everybody except the contestants for the world-championship. Alekhine played (26) B-Kt2, Euwe countered . . . B-B3, and Alekhine, still unaware of his chance, continued (27) P-QR3. Now, at long last, Euwe put the audience out of their agony by playing . . . B-Q3. The game finally came to a draw.



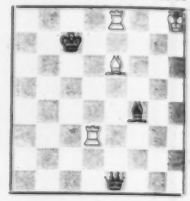
The 4-pointer for beginners is a game position in which Euwe (Black) forced his opponent's resignation in 4 moves. How? **B** and **C** (for 6 and 7 ladder-points) are both classics and both wins for White. Usual prizes. Entries by April 1.

A: Max Euwe 1948

B: A. A. Troitzky



C: Henri Rinck 1941



REPORT on No. 381. Set March 2

A: (1) P x BP, Kt x Q; (2) P x Kt ch, K-Kt1; (3) R-R8 ch!, K x R, (4) P-B7, etc.

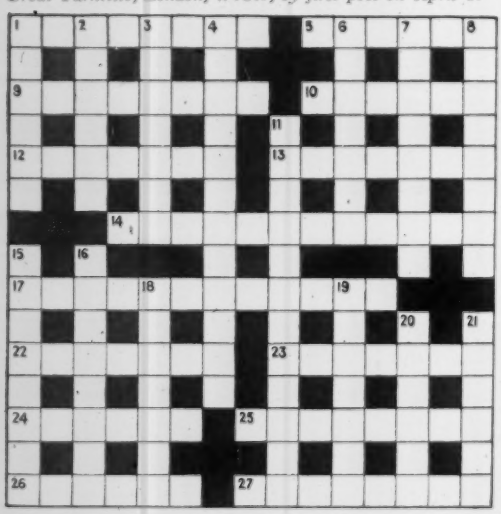
B: (1) Kt-Kt2, P-R5, (2) Kt-Q1, P-R6, (3) Kt-B2, P-R7, (4) K-Kt7, K-B6, (5) K-B6, K-Q7, (6) K-Q5, K-K7, (7) Kt-R1, K-B6, (8) K-Q4, K-Kt7, (9) K-K3, K x Kt, (10) K-B2, etc.
If (1) . . . K-K6, (2) Kt-B4 ch, etc.

C: (1) K-Kt2, B-Q6, (2) R-Q1, Kt-B7! (best), (3) K x Kt, B-R2, ch, (4) K-K1! B x B, (5) R-Q7, B-Kt1! (6) R x P, K-R3, (7) R x B ch, K-R2, (8) R-K6, B-Kt6 ch, (9) K-K2, K x Kt, (10) K-B3, etc.

Many correct (or near-correct) solutions. Prizes: C. Allen, I. Avinery, E. W. Carmichael, J. R. Harman, Leslie Hale. In the 29th ladder-decade (concluded last week) the leader is A. E. Harris who totted up 806 points since starting from scratch after the 23rd in November, 1955. E. Allan scored 794 since he was among the 20th Decade winners in April 1955. A. J. Bamford (766) is 3rd and E. W. Carmichael scored 698 since the 18th in October 1954. ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 243

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword No. 243, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on April 2.



ACROSS

1. Smartly play spin when it has turned (8).
5. Embarrassed a bogus editor (6).
9. Place to take the artist to in a romantic tale (8).
10. A number in front of the mountain would make the star go into reverse (6).
12. Flashing a vessel in a reversing period (7).
13. Broad-minded, but malicious statement about an artist (7).
14. Reform the locals in various possible ways (12).
17. Stand-ins required for summer roles (12).
22. Former fat model (7).
23. Translator in the precise passage (7).
24. A religious belief exists among these people (6).
25. How to get a blacking in the scrum? (8).
26. Fashionable part of the address you gave me (6).
27. The ancient says I ran riot (8).

DOWN

1. May be cock county (6).
2. A loud air attack makes one terrified (6).
3. Game in which Hendren appears to have taken every wicket (7).
4. Cheerful programme after which to listen to Ray (12).
6. Fish for a party man in a shed (7).
7. Male television hero sometimes found in swamps (8).
8. Unpopular with the boys, but stay in fashion longer (8).
11. An agent wanders among the stars discovering those who played royal roles (12).
15. Beneath the grave possibly (8).
16. Danseuse disguised as a foreigner (8).
18. For them writing is touching (7).
19. To match completely (7).
20. The heart of the expedition is a long way off (6).
21. The powerful man to tarnish about fifty (6).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 241

■	R	E	H	E	A	R	S	A	L	■	A	B	S
I	■	R	X	■	O	■	S	■	F	■	R	■	W
C	H	A	R	I	O	T	■	S	A	L	T	A	S	H
S	■	S	■	S	■	T	■	E	■	O	■	V	■	E
■	L	I	S	T	L	E	S	S	■	P	L	A	Z	A
H	■	N	■	■	■	N	■	■	P	■	D	■	T	■
A	R	G	O	T	■	R	U	D	D	I	G	O	R	E
Y	■	■	A	■	O	■	A	■	N	■	■	A	■	■
M	A	Y	F	L	O	W	E	R	■	G	O	W	E	R
A	■	O	■	I	■	■	■	K	■	■	A	■	S	■
R	O	U	T	S	■	S	C	H	O	L	A	R	S	■
K	■	N	■	M	■	I	■	O	■	I	■	L	■	A
E	N	G	R	A	I	N	■	R	A	N	G	O	O	N
T	■	E	■	N	■	A	■	S	■	G	■	C	■	T
■	O	R	B	■	F	I	R	E	W	O	R	K	S	■

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 241

Rev. John Hall (Selkirk), D. H. Boyce (Redding, Conn.), Miss N. S. Peppard (London, W.9).

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

BOARDING accommodation with social amenities for ladies & gentlemen under 35, from 52s. 6d. to 85s. partial board. Applic. forms & information, Belsize Residential Clubs, 13 Belsize Ave., N.W.3.

CLAPTON. Attractive bed-sitter, cooking facs. £2 inclusive. AMH. 7452.

ARCHITECT-converted furn. flat nr. Twickenham Stn. 1 dble., 2 sngl. rms., din-k., b., tel. Suit 4 girls. £7. Box 1228.

MUSWELL Hill. Two pt.-furn. rooms, mod., musical household. TUD. 5042.

35 Approx. double bed-sitting rooms with own kitchens from £2 10s. weekly, in central London. L.A.B., GER. 9050.

FURNISHED bedroom, 2 beds, sitting-room and kitchen. MOUntview 8507.

JEWISH woman (non-Orthodox) would welcome companion to share comfortable modern flat West Kensington. Own bedroom. Reasonable. 'Phone after 7. RIV. 7216.

QUIET female tenant for self-contained top floor of low-built modern Kensington house. Own bathroom, cooker, balcony; c.h., c.h.w., electricity, weekly cleaning. £5 weekly inclusive. Box 1400.

LUXURY Apts. with Pvte. bathrm. & tel. Off Park Lane. GRO. 1939.

MALE offers suite of furnished rooms in Highgate flat; 2 bathrooms; domestic service; reasonable. FITzroy 0670 evenings.

WELL furn. div. rm., use tel., bath, ckg. fac., suit gentleman. 42s. MAI. 1093.

CAMBORNE Hotel, 61-63, Leinster Sq., W.2. 'Phone BAY. 4886. Charming comfortable service rms., with board, reasonable.

FURNISHED top floor flat, dingy area Chelsea (Fulham end) b/s. room, kit., tel., w.c., share bath, to let for 6 months. 50s. single (double spec. terms). Box 1082.

LARGE furn. rm. overlooking river. H.C. basin, all facs. £2 10s. wk. Tel. PUT. 4148.

STROUD Green, London, top (second) floor flatlet one large room, fitted carpet, gas fire, wall point, no furniture; landing kitchen, gas-cooker, water-heater, sink, linoleum. Bath and lavatory shared. Own meters. Single person only. £10 a month. Box 1366.

PUTNEY. Furn. B/S. rm. H. & C. basin, Tel., Ckg/fcs.; close bus stop. Tel. 1470.

3 MINS. Finchley Road tube. Young woman offered share s/c flat, 3½gns. 'Phone MAI 3007 from March 25.

COMFORTABLE divan rooms for ladies available with partial board. Terms mod. MAI. 4154 or call at 98 Maida Vale.

TO let, furn. flatlet, own kit., gas stove, h. & c. Crouch End. FIT. 0773.

WELL-furn. b/s. rm., lady over 30, all convs. FRO. 1072 at 10, 1, 6 p.m.

HIGHGATE Wds. Div.-room, 2gns. p.w. Pro rata housework. TUDor 8207.

CORNWALL. Widemouth Bay (Bude 3 miles, good bus service). Nicely furn. bung. to let, facing sea (3 mins.). Sandy beach. Sit.-rm., Loggia-Dining-room, 2 double, 2 single bedrooms. Elec. cooker, immersion heater. Raeburn cooker heats water. Garage, tel., linen if reqd. Easter £1 a day, April £4 4s., May £6 6s., October to March incl. £50. Rimes, Lewdown, Okehampton.

SARK. Writer (f.) offers 3 rms., use k., long let. Intvw. London. Box 1358.

ACCOM. vacant, low rent. Garden-lover (f), Sussex. Box 1010.

EXCHANGE 5 bedroom modern house 10 miles south Dublin, ½ mile sea, handy bus, train, for similar London Home Counties 2-3 weeks mid-Aug. Sept. Box 1127.

WANTED: very gd. accomm. (bed, bath, full board, etc.) in gd. residential area, with understanding family (pref. Jewish or non-denominational) for yng. man, occupied full-time post. Generous payment. Box 1178.

AUTHOR requires large bed-sit., S.W.3, 5 or 7. Max. £2 10s. Box 1150.

YOUNG Stage Manager and wife require inexpensive, tiny furn./unfurn. flat, reasonable access West End. Box 1306.

TWO or three English lady teachers seek furnished accom. L.A.B., GER. 9050.

ENGLISH couple and 2 children desperately need accom. Humane rent. Box 1260.

AUST. & New Zealand visitors req. furn. accom. All districts. L.A.B., GER. 9050.

TWO young gentlemen (keen Tories) require furnished flat, accessible City, from mid-April. About 6gns. a week. Box 1203.

HOUSE wanted, 2/3 wks. between July 13/Aug. 31. Nr. coast, Hants, Dorset, Devon. Accommodate 6/8. Box 1084.

PROFESSIONAL man, bach., seeks comf. home, p.g. or share, London. Box 1376.

PROPERTIES TO LET AND WANTED

BLOOMSBURY. Suite of offices, approx. 660 sq. ft. £450 p.a. (inc. rates); heating & cleaning extra. Suit professional firm or social service organisation. Box 1344.

N. DEVON farmhse. Small s./c. furn. flat to let. E.l., Calor gas, h. & c. Rent 3½gns. wkly. Not April or Aug. Box 1310.

PROPERTIES TO LET AND WANTED —continued

APPROX. 25 furnished flats from 55s. weekly in central London and nearby districts. L.A.B., GER. 9050.

EIGHTEEN luxury flats central London districts, weekly rentals from 4gns. to 10gns. Childr. welc. L.A.B., GER. 9050.

S/C unf. flat, lge. liv. rm., kit./din., small bedrm., bathrm. Needs some repairs/dec. Edge Putney Hth; Tube few mins. walk. £2 wkly. 5 yrs. rent in adv. Box 1271.

£100 cottage, long let. Unsuit. family. Highfield, M. Marwood, N. Devon.

ESSEX Creek. Quiet well-furn. cottage, 3 bedrms., all con. Attractive country. Safe bathing. April-Sept. Box 1199.

FAMILY, limited income, seek unf. s/c. acc., 4/6 rms., k. & b. Do own decs. Bet. Gt. Portland St./Swiss Cott. Box 1290.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

COASTAL Retreat. Houseboat complete electricity, water. £450. Dearle, "Lilith," Fishermans Hard, Littlehampton.

ISOLATED cottage, S. Wales, 3 miles shops, industry. 3 bed., garage, 1½ acres £500 vacant possession. Box 1195.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

ORDER your copy of "Labour Review" No. 2 immediately. First issue sold out. Contents include articles on "The Manchester Guardian and the Suez Crisis"; "The Communist Party and Democratic Centralism; Inside Soviet Russia Today; The Chinese C.P. and the Hungarian Revolution; The Law of Uneven and Combined Development, and Book Reviews. Single copy 2s. 3d., post free. New Park Publications, Ltd., 266 Lavender Hill, London, S.W.11. Tel. MACaulay 7029.

AMIS' Fabian pamphlet reviewed by John Berger; Mao Tse-tung's new poems translated by Rewi Alley; "Workers' Councils" (A. F. Rothstein); "Arms and the Man" (R. P. Dutt); "Clash in Engineering" (T. Graham); Marx Family Letters. Labour Monthly, 1s. 6d. Or 9s. half-yearly from N.S., 134 Ballards Lane, N.3.

"THE Hungarian Workers'-Revolution" 6d. post paid from Syndicalist Workers' Federation, 25a Amberley Rd., London, W.9.

"BRILLIANT reporting," says Stanley Maxted of James Michener's book "Bridge at Andau." Moving personal stories of Hungarian youth in revolt. Not yet published, but now condensed in March "Reader's Digest," 1s. 6d.

"THE Linguist," the language monthly for experts and beginners, includes "Typical Conversations" in seven languages, "Pages for Practice," "Translator's Commentary," articles, book reviews, etc., 17s. yearly. Spec. copy 1s. 3d. from The Linguist (N.S.), 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1.

MAN'S World now contains a 32-page Male Art Photography Supplement. 1s. 6d. monthly from all newsagents.

THE "Humanist" states case for modern man (monthly 1s., ann. subs. 14s.). Send for free spec. copy and booklet "Living with Reality." R.P.A., 40, Drury Lane, W.C.2.

BOOKS bought. Left emphasis. The Hammersmith Bookshop, W.6. RIV. 6807.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht. R. & E. Steiner, 64, Talgarth Rd., W 14. FUL. 7924.

POLITICS, Economics, Philosophy.—A unique collection of out-of-print books and documents for sale at Collet's 2nd-Hand Bookshop, 52 Charing Cross Road, W.C.2. We buy and sell—browse round, or write for the book you want.

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GERMAN Book Club (Welt im Buch) beautifully produced novels 1 volume per month @ 8s. 6d; full details from Sole Distributors: Barmerlea Book Sales, Ltd., 10 Bayley St., Bedford Sq. W.C.1. MUS. 7223.

GERMAN books bought & sold. Continental Book Supply, 24 Whitechurch Lane, E.1. Tel. MOU. 1482. Mail business only.

L. SIMMONDS, 16 Fleet Street. CENtral 3907. Books bought in any quantity. Libraries purchased. Standard sets. Good technical books also required.

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STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept. C.25 of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science, Ltd., Regent Hse., Regent St., W.1. We negotiate suitable work on a 15% of sales basis (no reading fee), unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We also offer an interesting booklet giving dets. & fees for our Courses & Criticisms, & success letters from students.

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By A. E. Bowker

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He held in his grasp the life-or-death power which is shared only by the world's great surgeons.

What was the secret of that power?

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These are questions that have intrigued many minds. Now they can be answered.

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SHELL CHEMICAL COMPANY LIMITED

has a vacancy in London for a male

TECHNICAL ASSISTANT

age 25-30, with honours degree in Economics or Statistics.

This is a specialist post for a man who is good at applied mathematics and the use of mathematical techniques as an aid to Management. Preference would be given to a man who has also some experience of the Chemical Industry.

Generous pension scheme and other benefits. Salary according to age, qualifications and experience.

Write with full details to Shell Chemical Company Ltd., Personnel Department, 170, Piccadilly, London, W.1.

FEDERATION of Rhodesia and Nyasaland. Vacancies: Stati-ticians: Central African Statistical Office. Revised Salary Scales. Applicants must have a good Honours degree with courses in Economic or Social Statistics. Starting Salary (men) £900—£1,250, on scale £900 × 100—1,100 × 75—£1,250 × 50—£1,650. (Women) £780—£940, on scale £780 × 40—980 × 50—£1,330, actual starting point depending on quals. & exp. N.B. Consideration given to applicants completing degrees June/July. Entrants who completed N.S. before University start at £1,100 p.a. if application is made within six months of graduation. Scope of Work includes studies of population, agriculture, mining, manufacturing, foreign trade, balance of payments, national income and finance. Both census and sampling methods used. Pleasant, healthy climate, generous leave. Applic. forms and further details from Secretary (R), Rhodesia House, 429, Strand, London, W.C.2. Closing date April 13, 1957.

CITY of Bradford, Children's Department. Applications are invited from suitably qualified persons for the post of Female Child-Care Officer at a salary in accordance with Grades A.P.T. I-II of the Scheme of Conditions of Service, viz.: £543 5s-£691 17s. 6d. p.a. Applicants should hold a degree or Diploma in Social Science or the Home Office Certificate in Child-Care. Commencing salary will be in accordance with qualifications and experience in Child-Care work. Further information may be obtained from the Children's Officer, 18 Little Horton Lane, Bradford 5. Closing date for applications is Tues., Apr. 2, 1957. W. H. Leathem, Town Clerk. Town Hall, Bradford 1.

ROYAL National Institute for the Blind, Chorleywood College (for girls with little or no sight), Chorleywood, Herts. Required as soon as possible an assistant mistress to teach German to scholarship level with some typing. The post would be temporary at first and preferably resident. Candidates for perm. appointment from Sept. will also be considered. Burnham Scale with Special Schl. increments. Apply Headmistress.

MARLBOROUGH Day Hospital, 38, Marlborough Place, N.W.8. Child Psychotherapist (female) required for Child Guidance Team. Experience with both normal and maladjusted children an advantage. Salary within range £506 p.a. to £880 p.a. plus London Weighting. Applications stating age, qualifications, particulars of training and experience, with names of two referees, to Medical Director by March 30, 1957.

SOCIAL workers required as Assistant Organisers of Children's Care Work in the Public Health Department of the London County Council. Duties concerned with social work in connection with the school health service, including recruitment and training of voluntary workers. Social science qualification desirable, but candidates should have had experience in practical social work. Salary £528 (at age 24)—£705. Application forms and details obtainable from the Medical Officer of Health (PH/D1), The County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1, returnable by April 1. (484.)

ORGANISER Wanted. Do you like working with and for old people? Interesting and absorbing job in voluntary organisation for woman capable of administering workrooms for elderly people who attend for two hours morning and afternoon five days a week. Duties comprise canvassing for work, allocation, costing and distribution of jobs. A salary of £500 per annum will be paid, but this figure might be exceeded in the case of special experience and qualifications. Applns. to the Town Clerk, Lambeth Town Hall, Brixton Hill, S.W.2, by March 30, stating age, exp. with elderly people and salary reqd. and giving names of two referees.

HOUSE Mother required beginning of May for home for psychotic and maladjusted children aged 3-10. Duties will include relief for Matron. Candidates must have had good experience in residential work with children, possess sound commonsense, energy and enthusiasm. Applics. to Sec., Bleak House, Catherine St., St. Albans, Herts, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

THERE are vacancies for young men in the full-time service of the Y.M.C.A. The first essentials are a sense of Christian vocation, good general education and organising ability. Applicants should be between 21 and 30 years of age. Selected candidates will receive suitable training before appointment. For further information write to Personnel Secretary, National Council of Y.M.C.A.s, 112 Great Russell Street, London, W.C.1.

WORKERS' Educational Association, Northern District. Applications are invited for the post of Organising Tutor. Salary scale £550—£1,050. Application form from: W.E.A., 51 Grainger Street, Newcastle upon Tyne, 1. Closing date for applications April 6, 1957.

MAY 1-July 25. Congenial teaching post. Might suit man awaiting university. Permanency for grad. or good unqual. man. Hulme Hall College, Cheadle Hulme, Cheshire (10 miles Manchester).

VACANCIES exist for personable male graduates as tutors in Scandinavian Vacation Courses in England from early June to late Aug. Apply in confidence. Box 1309.

TEACHERS and others! If you have know. s'hand &/or typing, we can offer temp. work (days or weeks) during Easter and Summer vacs. Write or call Burnett Bureau, 77 Dean Street, London, W.1.

EDITOR of monthly magazine concerned primarily with architecture and the arts wants personal secretary. Specialist knowledge not so important as competence and intelligence. Please send full details of experience, age and salary required to Box 1232.

TRANSLATORS. Wanted, free-lance technical translators, English into main foreign languages. Write, stating exp. & qualifications. Box 1286.

RAMBLERS' Association Services Limited invite applications to fill three seasonal vacancies for general assistants (female) at its Lake District hotel. Appointments will be from Easter (or before) until the end of the summer. Standard wages, full board and accommodation and travelling expenses paid. Applications from German, Swiss or Austrian nationals will be welcomed. Apply in writing to 48 Park Road, Baker St., London, N.W.1.

WORK in Switzerland or Canada! General Domestics required for posts in attractive homes. Excellent conditions and good salary to serious persons. Pref. some know. German. Burnett Bureau, 77 Dean St., W.1.

THE British Transport Commission have a post for Secretary/Shorthand-Typist to Design Officer. Good standard of education; appreciation of contemporary industrial design; some experience concerned with manufacturing business; knowledge of current filing systems. Good salary; pension; worth-while travel privileges. Applications to: Director of Establishment and Staff, British Transport Commission, 222 Marylebone Road, N.W.1.

TAVISTOCK Clinic, Beaumont Street, W.1. Shorthand Typist (grade A) required. A Knowledge of Psychiatric medical terms an advantage. Starting salary at 23 years and over with a range £374 p.a. to £468 according to age and ability, rising to £545 p.a. For interview Tel. CUN. 6071, Ext. 10.

SHORTHAND Typists (Pool and also Finance Department) required for Westminster district. Aged 21 years or over. Varied and interesting work in pleasant, friendly atmosphere. Commencing salary £8 14s. rising to £9 14s. per week. Hours 9.30 a.m. to 5.15 p.m., alternate Saturdays 9.30 a.m. to 12.30 p.m. Good holidays and superannuation provision. Write giving age and particulars of experience to Box 1104.

WELL-known Zionist organisation urgently requires first-class Book-keeper capable of responsibility. Good remuneration and prospects. Please apply to Box 1139.

SECRETARY/Assistant required for well-known Concert Agency, used to some responsibility and working on own initiative. Age 30-40. Apply Box 1399.

ALERT secretary with high speeds for interesting post with literary agents, W.1. 22/30. Salary £9. Excellent prospects. Portman Bureau, 78 George St. W.1. HUN. 0676.

IF you are fluent in German and can take dictation in both languages, and you are interested in publicity, yet are calm and pleasant with a somewhat irascible boss willing to work beyond office hours (overtime is paid) you might find a very good job at a fair salary by writing to Box 1319. The place is near Kensington.

IRVING Theatre req. lady for general office work & typing. WHI. 8657.

12-15 hours p.w. secretarial work, shorthand essential. Write Ethical Union, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, W.8.

SECRETARY, half day, for medical consultant from May. N.W.8, near Lords. Ring CUN. 8884 after 7 p.m.

PART-time sec. (about 21-30) reqd. The Regent Institute, 9 Palace Gate, W.8.

WEDDED Secretaries and Shorthand Typists, partially housebound, yearning to earn, can collect 32s. per day 10-5, £8 for 30-hour week: more hours, more pay, from Dutton's Secretarial Service, 92 Gt. Russell St., London, W.C.1. MUS. 7379.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

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SHT./Typists for interesting work, weekly or by hour or day. GER. 0163.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

ABLE administrator, 46, exceptional internat. experience social welfare, rehabilitation, public relations, diplomatic contacts, personnel management, etc., seeks post. Highest refs. Mod. sal. Box 998.

CHILD Art Specialist. Qualified, wanting to make a collection of painting, modelling, toymaking from children up to 11 years old. Would like to take Art in a Country School. Box No. 760, c/o Charles Barker & Sons, Ltd., Gateway House, London, E.C.4.

FRENCHWOMAN interpreter, secretary, seeks employment part-time or occasional. Leman. LAN. 4922.

AUSTRIAN, 36, m., fluent English, Czech, German, Russian, keen athletics, seeks interesting work. Box 1170.

YOUNGISH, pleas. mother, ex-B.B.C., reqs. intg. pt.-time work. Box 1204.

ECONS. grad. (Hons.), 25, 2 yrs. ind. acctg. experience, seeks econ./pol./soc. research post. Box 1148.

CONFERENCE & Cttee. reporters, duplictg. specialists &c. ARC 1765/MOU 1701.

WHERE TO STAY AND RESTAURANTS

EASTER in Cornwall. Easy reach sea, moors, lovely Fowey valley. Own eggs, cream, orchard to laze in. Write Elsie Bourke, Tallands, Higher Polscoe, Lostwithiel.

RECUPERATION at Higham House in 53 beautiful acres. Comfort, rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms & brochure, Higham House, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sx., Robertsbridge 126.

BOURNEMOUTH, Connaught Court, W. Cliff. Tel. 1944. 33 rms. 200 yards sea front. Gdns., putting grn. Garages. Superlative food. Apr. 7½gns. Summer 9-11gns.

HILL-lovers offer hospitality in converted farmhouse, beautifully & remotely situated in heart of Welsh mountains nr. Llyn Geirionydd. Modern comforts, very good food & fires. Friendly & informal. 6/7gns. George & Elaine Bonner, Penralit, Trefriw, Llanrwst 166.

HOLIDAYS, Woolacombe, Sunny Devon. 3 miles golden sands. Barricane Hotel, children welcome. Mrs. Garness. Tel. 76.

FOR Springtime holidays in unspoilt rural Essex (27 miles London), Chantry Mead, Hatfield Heath, nr. Bishop's Stortford (Hatfield Heath 263) offers ideal accommodation.

OAKHURST Hotel, The Ridge, Hastings, is a must in 1957. Beautiful grounds with putting, tennis, etc. Friendly atmosphere, excellent food but low charge. Brochure.

COTSWOLD Hse. Hotel, Chipping Campden, for Easter. Every com. Campden 330.

BARMOUTH, Wales, Marine Mansion Private Hotel at sea's edge. A.A. & R.A.C. Miles of sands, lovely inland walks. 9 to 12gns. Broch. from N. S. Jackson.

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HOLIDAYS. Country Cottage. Nr. Totnes. S. Devon. Good food. Baths. B. & B. Dinner. 5½gns. Box 989, Smith's Library, Newton Abbot.

SNOWDONIA. Beautifully situated guest house. Walking, climbing, fishing. ½ hr. bus to sea bathing. Good food, hot baths, homely atmosphere. Low tariff. Chapman, Sygun Fawr, Beddgelert, N. Wales.

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ARTIST, naturalist or just isolationist? Island farm paradise for hols. Write Davies, Ramsey Island, St. Davids, Pembs.

LAKE District National Park. Hassness Hotel stands in 20 acres of beautiful grounds on the shores of Buttermere. Wonderful scenery, magnificent walking country, fishing and boating. Brochure from Manager, Hassness, Buttermere, Cumberland. Phone Buttermere 208.

ROTTINGDEAN, Brighton. Famous seaside village. Old Norton House, on the Green, offers tasteful food, atmosphere & cent. heating. Fr. 7½gns. Broch. Tel. 3120. (Full Easter). Prop. D. Chapman, M.P.

VISIT the West Coast of Ireland & stay at Avondale House, Mulrany, Co. Mayo.

NEWPORT, Pembrokeshire. Sea, country & mountains. Ideal. Special terms May & June. Prendergast House.

HOLIDAY flat with kitchenette, £2 p.w. or room with board: Eyre, Sparrowcourt, Eythorne, Dover.

WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

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PENDINE Sands. Homely, comf. accomm., beautiful country & coastal scenery, safe bathing. Gd. table, home produce. 6gns. Special terms for family party. No vacancies July 27-Sept. 7. Tel. Pendine 226. Lehr, Pendine, Carmarthenshire.

RYE, The Hope Anchor. R.A.C., **A.A. Licensed. Ashley Courtenay recommended. Superb position in a lovely centre for holidays. Rye 2216.

CORNISH Riviera (central): in lovely country beside Fowey Estuary, 3 miles sea; modern comfort, notable food in restful manor. Sailing. Lovely walks. Swimming. Games Room. 5 hrs. London to Par—rail your car. Trains met free. Broch. 3, Penquite Hse. Hotel, Golant, Par. Fowey 124.

CORNWALL. Happy hol. in French lady's cot., ½ ml. beach, 2-3 persons. Well-chd. food, b.b., evg. meal. £5 10s. wk. Mrs. Luxembourg, Polbreen Lane, St. Agnes.

NO frills but good food, friendly atmosphere, licensed Club and Thames fishing from £5 10s. p.w. Beautiful countryside midway historic Oxford (3 miles) and Abingdon. 2½d. stamp for brochure from Bay Wood (N.S.), Radley, nr. Abingdon, Berks.

SUSSEX. Whinrig Guest House, Horam. 'Phone 211. 12 miles Eastbourne. Close Station. Everything home-made. From 6gns.

LITTLE Guide to Village Inns, Farms, Hotels on & off the beaten track round Britain's coast & country. 5s. post free from Victor Hilton (N.S.), Harbourside, Torquay.

COTE d'Azur. Typical Provençal Hotel. Beautiful, quiet sit above sandy beach. Mod. comforts, first-class cuisine. Casino, dancing. Red. rates to June 30 and after Sept. 10. Illustrated broch.: Ermitage, Bandol (Var).

CAPRI. An Italian family in the mountain village of Anacapri provide the best local wine, best local food and a very inexpensive pension in an inn with magnificent views of the island, only 10 mins. by bus down to the Piazza of Capri. Among those who recommend the inn are Mr. Peter Glenville, Mr. Graham Greene, and Mr. Cavalcanti. Address: Aniello Mariniello, Osteria-Locanda Aniello, Anacapri, Capri.

FRENCH Riviera. Hotel on beach. April, May, June, 1,600/1,800frs. incl., spec. terms children. Les Flots Bleus, St. Clair, par Le Lavandou, Var.

PARIS Restaurants. The classic, the original and the unexpected restaurants of Paris (meals from 6s. up) described in Odette Pannetier's guide (in French) "Cent Restaurants de Paris." 188 pages. Price 12s. 6d. from Maurice Michael, 3-4 Fox Court, E.C.1.

FOOD-Reform & Vegetarian Restaurant re-opening March 25. Mon.-Fri., 12-4.45. Moderate prices. Nature Cure Clinic, 13 Oldbury Place, Baker St., W.1. WEL. 2787.

SCHOOLS

BROOMBANK School, Selsey, Sussex. Sound education with special facilities for music and art. Brochure free. Selsey 2774.

BURGESS Hill School, 11 Oak Hill Park, Hampstead. Freedom & self-government for day children and weekly boarders. Small classes. Tuition fee 27½gns.; weekly boarders, 30gns. extra a term. Headmaster: J. East.

GROUP for maladjusted children & those retarded by emotional difficulties. Mrs. Flynn, B.A., 12 Lambolle Rd., N.W.3.

KING Alfred School (F.1898). Prog. Co-Educ. Day School, age 4 to 18. Recognised by Min. of Educ. 6-acre premises at Manor Wood, North End Road, N.W.11.

ODAM Hill School & Home Farm, Romansleigh, S. Molton. Education with a practical bias for girls & boys. Training in General Farming, Riding. Domestic Science. Mrs. Falkner, B.A.

PARADA: Full-time dramatic training part-time & evening classes. School: from 11 years to G.C.E. Prep. Academy for R.A.D.A., 55 Shepherd's Hill, N.6.

ST. CHRISTOPHER School, Letchworth; co-education, 5 to 18 years, in an open-air atmosphere of ordered freedom. High standards of creative work and achievement leading to Universities and satisfying careers. N. King Harris, M.A.

ST. Nicholas School, 39 Albyn Place, Aberdeen. Day school for boys & girls of 5-13. Inspected by the Scottish Education Department. Directors: John R. Allan, M.A., Mrs. Jean Allan, M.A., John Mackie.

STADDLES, Chute Lodge, Nr. Andover. Boys' Prep School in lovely country surroundings, modernised mansion. Excellent food. Recognised by Min. of Educ.

THE Town and Country School, 38-40 Eton Avenue, N.W.3. (PRI. 4481-2-3.) Small group weekly or full boarders accepted, boys and girls 5-18. G.C.E., Advanced and Scholarship standard. Week-ends and holidays Hedgerley Wood, Chinnor Hill (16 acres woodland Chiltern Hills, 750ft.). Realistic approach to modern education. E. Paul, Ph.D.; M. D. C. Graham, M.A. (Oxon).

EASTER AND SUMMER SCHOOLS
—cont. from page 396

SOCIALIST laymen and scientists discuss "Science and the Community." Fabian Easter School, Dorking, April 18-22. Details: 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1.

BURTON Manor Residential College. Some of the courses to be held from April to September, 1957, include:—Beauty in the Home; Spring Bird Migration; European Folk Dancing; Weekend for String Players; Producing the Play; Local History; Bach—The man, his age and his music. For further details apply to the Warden, Burton Manor College, Burton-in-Wirral, Cheshire. Tel. Burton 262. (J.4706.)

URCHFONT Manor. Short Residential Courses. Easter Course: Thurs., April 18, Wed., April 24, "Ideas and Beliefs of the 20th Century." Summer Family Courses, July 27-Aug. 16, "Exploring Wiltshire," "World Affairs," "Pursuit of Leisure." Summer Programme and details of Family Courses (children 7-13 yrs.) from the Warden, Urchfont Manor, Nr. Devizes, Wilts.

SUMMER Film School, British Film Institute. August 16-30. Eastbourne Training College, Eastbourne. Attractive lecturing, film and film-making programme. Comfortable single room accommodation. Brochure from: B.F.I., 4 Gt. Russell Street, W.C.1. COVent Garden 2801.

HOLIDAYS with a purpose. Combine an enjoyable holiday with learning something New! Details of house parties with foreign language practice (Britain and Switzerland), Language Courses in Austria and Spain, sketching and painting holidays from Erna Low 47(HP) Old Brompton Road, London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911 & 9225.

SCHOLARSHIPS

A LIMITED number of scholarships for Music, Drama, Ballet and the Arts are being granted to British students by the French Government for ten months' study in France beginning October, 1957. Applications should be sent to the Cultural Attaché at the French Embassy (22 Wilton Crescent, S.W.1), not later than March 30.

PERSONAL

WANTED, coach in chemistry and physics for boy O. level, Hampstead district. Good pay. Box 1270.

PUBLIC School Scholarship Exam.—Latin tutor required for intensive course April 1-17. Phone CHA. 2979.

ONE car seat offered to good driver for expense-sharing holiday Switzerland, Austria, July 28-Aug. 17. Box 1355.

TWO bachelor schoolmasters, youngish, public school, require holiday accommodation, studio or room for oil-painting, North Wales, estuary, coast, mountains or valleys during April. Box 1126.

LEISURE to pursue own interests, bed-sit., full board & £2 a week offered educated woman to assist owners (both women) of East Anglian Hotel for elderly residents. Must have experience of home nursing and be prepared to give occasional full-time help (add. salary) as required. Box 1173.

BUSY woman owner of country estate, Home Counties, desires intelligent companion (f), 35-45, fond of music, books, theatre, to give point to the possession of a home. Dly. job no obstacle. No exps. whatsoever, free car, salary if desired. Box 1331.

AFRICA: yng. man travelling N.-S. on £50 grateful hints/experiences. Box 1074.

WOMAN partner wanted with pleasant personality & few hundred pounds for small rapidly expanding organisation. Useful interesting work. Box 1383.

FOREIGN Girls, domesticated and willing, immed. available. Eductour. KNI. 4132.

"AU Pair" posts for young girls, excellent homes, France, Germany, Belgium, available. Eductour. KEN. 8806.

PAYING guests acc. & exchanges in gd. fam. wanted for Continental children/studs. W. End, seaside, cntry. Eductour, 10 Exhibition Rd. S.W.7. KNI. 4132/KEN 8806.

GUITAR lessons. Few vacs. Alexis Chesnakov, 48a Cathcart Rd., S.W.10. FLA. 4354.

ECONOMIC Wines—big value in big bottles! Excellent Bordeaux Rouge, Rosé, Blanc, 9/- per dozen extra large bottles, carr. paid (equals 6s. 2d. usual size!) Trial three 23s. 6d. Lists. Vault 4, Peter Dominic, Ltd., Wine Shippers, Horsham.

PHILIP Humphreys, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, S. Kensington, S.W.7. KENsington 8042.

HUMANISM: A philosophy for modern man. Write: Ethical Union, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, W.8. WES. 2341.

LONDON School of Bridge. 38 King's Road, S.W.3. KENsington 7201.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and Reservists.

VISION Corrected. Sight improved without glasses. Qualified Bates Practitioner, Michael Ronan, 29 Gloucester Road, S.W.7. WEStern 5209.

SPEECHES written, dinners, weddings, &c. Bainbridge, 5 Stanlake Villas, W.12.

PERSONAL—continued

ROMAN Holiday. Accommodation offered in attractive private home near Colosseum. Price incl. breakfast 18s. Countess Beryl Widman, Via Marco Aurelio 42, Rome.

DIAGHILEV. Advertiser wishes buy original drawings, sketches for dresses, scenery by artists employed by Diaghilev, Bakst, Benois, Larionov, Gontcharova, Malevitch, Roerich, Braque, Derain, Picasso, etc. No programmes, no books. Please write details & prices before sending. Box 1114.

YOUNG S.R.N. reqs. private work. G.A. 2137 before 10 a.m. or after 7 p.m.

SOUTH African Bantu, ex-student, sailing June, seeks help towards heavy fare. Please write to: 59 Penn Rd., London, N.7.

ENGLISH lessons given by qualified teacher in exchange for light work mornings in N.W. London. HEN. 6349.

WOULD publisher publish serious novel 55,000 words? Costs paid. Box 1229.

FURNISHED flat, N.W.8. Own k., b. & phone. Low rent in return some babysitting. Suitable 2 working girls. Box 1361.

REQD. by person of some property & exp.: another with time & talents to combine in purchases &/or conversions. Box 337.

WANTED, June & July, small villa or s/c. accom. unpopular coastal village France/Italy. Eagar, Priddy, Wells, Som.

DORDOGNE, nr. Lascaux, cottage, water, elect., sleep 3, short or long let. £3 weekly. Box 1133.

COSTA Brava. Villas & flats to let. Dets.: Dr. Cooper. Blanes, Gerona, Spain.

PRIVATE Car Holidays, July 10-August 3 Sweden; June 15-29 and August 10-24, South Tyrol, Dolomites. Details. Box 1153.

SAAS Fee, Valais Alps, Chalet flat, 3 rms., 4 beds., kit., elec. light, cookg., fully equipped, Aug. 11-31 £21 only. Lyon, 37 Northway, N.W.11. SPE. 8090.

ACCOMMODATION in artist's house, St. Ives, Cornwall. Box 579.

LIVING Research Groups & Holiday Courses at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon; send a card for Easter/Summer lists.

EASTER week-end party Land's End incl. road travel. PRI. 4068. Box 1364.

FRANCE, Spain. 15-day casual camp tours: dep. July 27 and Aug. 17. Box 1365.

VORARLBERG, Austria; idyllic mountain chalet. Three beds available for paying guests. Resident help. Box 1169.

OXWICH Bay Children's Camp. August. 4 gns. p.w. Ages 11-17. Tony Gibson, 52 Elsworthy Rd., N.W.3. PRI. 7573.

FOR teenagers: Easter & Summer holidays in France or Germany with language practice. 3-4 weeks exchange of hospitality. Incl. costs from £14. Robertson's E.T.S., 61 Fellows Rd., N.W.3. PRI. 1370.

MOTORISTS! Cut costs! Why drive with empty seats? Our members pay for lifts. Send details of daily commuting or long trips in Britain or abroad to: Car Seat Club, 22, Sackville St., W.1.

PEDESTRIANS! Travel cheaper and in comfort! Our members will take you by car. Send details as above.

TEENAGE holidays. Easter and Summer Drama Schools, Leatherhead Repertory Theatre, Surrey, and Studio Theatre, Kensington, London, 7, 8 or 10 days (one Evening School), £4 4s. to £7 7s. Director: Marian Naylor. Interesting and stimulating courses. Professional stage staff. Syllabuses from Registrar: Mrs. L. Sansom, 6 The Keir, Westside, Wimbledon Common, S.W.19.

"KNOW-HOW" brings you Writing Success, No Sales—No Fees. Send for Free N.I. "Know-How Guide to Writing Success." B.A. School of Successful Writing, Ltd., 124 New Bond St., London, W.1.

VITAL Community meets to explore and promote progressive ideas in a pleasant and friendly atmosphere. Write Sec., Progressive League, 20 Buckingham St., W.C.1.

LONELY? Not likely if you join the Metro Rambling Club. Write immediately for current programme to Hon. Sec., F. Wesley, 16 Rodenhurst Road, S.W.4.

INFORMAL Music/Lit. Group. Details from Mrs. Dunn. HAMpstead 8109.

COST-sharing car-travel. Seats spare or wanted registered free. S.a.e. "Contact," Scarletts, Cowden, Kent.

REALLY meet the people. Wide selection of holidays abroad at reasonable prices. Brochure. International Friendship League (S), 3 Cromwell Rd., London, S.W.7.

EYESIGHT improved without Glasses. If you have defective vision a qualified Bates Practitioner can help you. Miss Evelyn Sage, 76 Twyford Ave., London, N.2. TUD. 4776.

ALEXANDER Technique. Eric de Peyer, 7 Wellington Sq., S.W.3. SLO. 3141.

HOW to Write and Sell. Send to-day for free folder, "What's in it for You." The Writer, 124 New Bond Street, W.1.

ALLWAYS offers ten-day holidays from £23 19s. 6d. and a wide selection of independent and escorted tours, at all prices. Illus. Booklet free. Allways Travel Service, 17 Sicilian Ave, London, W.C.1. CHA. 6436/7

PERSONAL—continued

TAVISTOCK Repertory Co. Silver Jubilee. Ex-members see "Entertainments."

BUILD a Boxgrove House. Combine freedom of choice of building site and house design. Use the house plan and specification scheme introduced by Boxgrove Houses, Ltd., which has the advantages of rationalised building technique and procedure. Leading architects used their professional skill to contribute well-proportioned elevations and good internal detail to standard floor plans based on an economic form of structure and streamlined services. There are three versions of the larger house suitable for the average family and one standard smaller house that is particularly adaptable to the varying needs of small households. Information available from The General Manager, 36a, Elizabeth Street, London, S.W.1.

UNDERWATER Exploration. Spend a perfect holiday at one of the French Club Mediterranée's centres for underwater exploration in Italy and Greece. Instruction and all equipment provided free. Travel by flying boat or special train. Travel Counsellors, Ltd., 139 Kensington High Street, London, W.8 (entrance in Wrights Lane). WES. 1517.

THE Belgian Coast. Wonderful all inclusive holidays, 8 days from 13gns., covering travel and good hotels with full board. Escorted departures every Sunday from May 5 to Ostend, Blankenberg, Knokke, etc. Also to the Ardennes and Luxembourg. Write for free illustrated brochure: Dept. N.S.4, Belgian Travel Service Limited, 59 Crawford Street, London, W.1 (AMB. 4434).

EASTER and Spring Holidays: make the best of your Easter holiday and enjoy sunshine and spring flowers with one of our Easter parties in Britain, Amsterdam, the South of France, Majorca, a Spring Flower Party in Austria or Switzerland. Details of these and of Spring Ski-ing Parties in Austria or Switzerland from Erna Low, 47 (NS) Old Brompton Road, London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

1957 Summer Holidays off the beaten track. Walking tours in all parts of the Alps and in Scandinavia. Also unconventional sightseeing tours. Write to R. A. Services, Ltd., 48(b) Park Road, N.W.1. AMB. 1001.

HEAVENLY Holidays at Down to Earth Prices. Here are some typical 8-day holidays: Austria, £17 17s. 6d.; Switzerland, £18; Italy, £21. Write for your copy of "The 5 Delights." Hotel Plan, Ltd., 11 Church Place, Jermyn Street, London, S.W.1.

MOSCOW welcomes you to the World Youth Festival in August! Holiday-of-a-lifetime for only £47 all-in. Sports, events, films, drama, music, free and open discussion with the youth of the world. Don't miss this great chance to see the world—and hear what it has to say! If you're under 30 write today (enclosing s.a.e.) for full details to Dept. N.I., British Youth Festival Committee, 351 Goswell Rd., London, E.C.1.

CONTINENTAL holidays by air, coach or rail, not mass-produced but with individual attention to both travel and hotels. Before you decide, see our booklet covering all European countries. Business & Holiday Travel, Ltd., Grand Buildings, Trafalgar Square, W.C.2. Tel. WHI. 4114/5.

NEW Vistas—1957 by Rail and/or Air. Escorted travel—independent holiday. Spain, Andorra, Portugal, Tangiers, Malta, Maderia, Norway, etc. "New Vistas" Travel, 99 Uxbridge Road, Hampton, Middx. Molesey 2105.

COSTA Brava. Write to me for good accommodation in private houses. Gibson, Clarendon Cottage, Park Town, Oxford. S.a.e. please.

JOHN Hassell Recordings. Personal service. Priv. studio. Tape to disc. Outside functions. Weddings, dramatics. 78, 45, 33⅓ r.p.m. 21 Nassau Rd., S.W.13. RIV. 7150.

HUSBANDS decorating dining rooms deserve delicious Burgess' Anchovy paste on buttered toast.

CAR Travellers going to Cannes, Cornwall . . . anywhere. We have congenial companions to share your expenses. Write to "Per-Service," 35f Belsize Ave., London, N.W.3, enclosing s.a.e. P.S. Congenial companions should also write.

CHAIRMAN of Manchester Y.W.C.A. writes "Delighted with your quilts." Feather paisley reversible, single size, 35s., normally retailed at 39s. 6d., double size, 49s. 6d. Wadded, double size, 22s. 6d. Single 19s. 6d. Satisfaction guaranteed or money returned. Jerome Gillian & Co., 36 Lakeside Road, Aldermans Hill, London, N.13. CHAncery 5174.

CAR Seats Bureau for British and Continental Journeys. Offer free seat driver leaving Torremolinos, Spain, April 7. Vacant seat Paris-London, April 7. Require two seats Venice, April 3-7. Many other places registered. Car Seats Bureau, 42 Theobalds Rd., W.C.1. CHAncery 5174.

THE Art of Seeing. Readers impressed by Aldous Huxley's account of how his sight was saved by the methods of the late Dr. Bates, the celebrated American oculist & author of "Good Sight Without Glasses" may be interested to know that this technique is practised by the Misses Scarlett (LANgham 3626 and Brighton 52663).

PERSONAL—continued

EDUCATED, reliable young lady, 29, seeks interesting post abroad summer months. Suggestions. Box 1275.

PARTNER./Directorsh. offd. poultry-growing, American method. Partics.: Prime Poultry Service, 12 The Green, Jordans, Bucks.

COUNTRY House Holidays with riding from April 1 to May 1. Parndon Hall, 45 minutes from London, offers all that the Holiday Maker who rides can desire. 20 horses to choose from with competent keen instruction under a qualified Instructress. Gymkhanas, and games, excursions, and organised evening entertainments for youngsters 7 to 17. Particulars: Secretary, Parndon Hall, Harlow, Essex. 'Phone Harlow 24511.

BACHELOR wishes join another for trip abroad, by car, motor cycle (has leathers), or otherwise. Box 1144.

LETTICE Ramsey, Photographer. Please arrange London apmts. through Ramsey & Muspratt, P.O. Terrace, Cambridge 4633.

WRITE for Profit. Send today for interesting free booklet. Regent Institute (Dept. E/191), Palace Gate, London, W.8.

POLAND, Portugal, Turkey. Send stamp (2½d) H. F. S., 48 Dalston Lane, E.8.

THAMES Motor Cruiser. 2-berth. For holiday hire from £6 wkly. Box 1037.

FELLOW-Travellers will provide you with a P. H.-H. or help you become one. We specialise in continental trips. Write to us at 10 Abercorn Mansions, N.W.8, with s.a.e. please, saying which of these services you require. (P. H.-H. stands for paying hitch-hiker.) Stop press: our postbag bulging with requests for lifts, especially to Spain, also Scotland at short notice. Lift-offerers to Continent include Dr. wanting non-paying co-driver; Jaguar-owner going South of France end June, £5 each, and girl taxi-owners on 9 weeks' jaunt.

HORSE-drawn barge holidays: still some vacancies April, May, Sept. Box 1179.

CHILDREN'S Seaside Holiday School. Every care. Thanet House School, Broadstairs. Thanet 62783.

THE Future: are you concerned? If so, write to "Friends of the Future," 20 Buckingham St., W.C.2.

TYPEWRITERS. Modern Portable machines for hire from £1 monthly. Tel. Robert Ropkins. WEL. 6655 for details.

TRY going to a fancy dress ball disguised as a bottle of Duff Gordon's El Cid Sherry. You may not win a prize but you'll be in constant demand.

THE Nerve Centre, 1 Bentinck St., London, W.1. Tel. WELbeck 9600. Relaxing and stimulating therapies. Manipulation, Massage. Ask for brochure.

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P.S.—If you have just emerged from hibernation you may like to know that Harold Ingham has still a few places vacant in "Summer Schools Abroad." Apply to 15 St. John's Road, Harrow. Harrow 1040.

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